

# WAR CRY

THE  
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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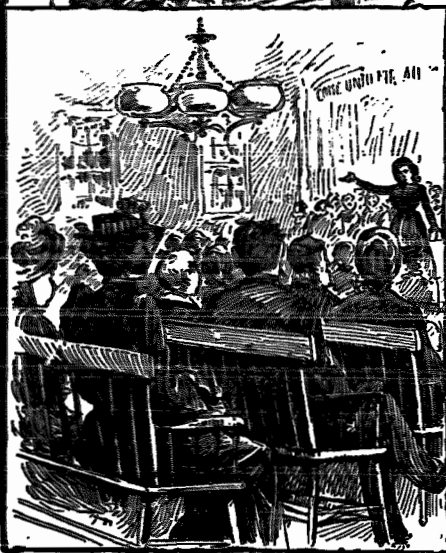
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## LED BY THE SPIRIT



By  
MAJOR GRAHAM.



discern the Spirit of Christ in this new movement, and I often thought, and sometimes said, "This is the thing I like."

The second impulse Armywards was caused by my receiving a letter from my "intended," then in England. She had always been greatly opposed to women preachers; but, somehow, we had evidently never come into conflict upon this subject, as I was a firm believer in their right to the platform and pulpit. However, in company with some friends. Miss Mandall went to Carlisle to see and hear the Army soon after its opening there, and after hearing the testimonies of some of the most notorious men and women, her prejudice gave way, and the gratitude of her heart flowed out to God for the work accomplished, even though ladies had been the agents. I thus received a full account of this visit, and became more and more interested.

But wherein I was most touched was when my youngest brother wrote from England to tell me he had been saved in an Army meeting in Penrith, Cumberland, and had become one of their bandmen. My convictions now became thoroughly settled that the Salvation Army was a raised up concern, and destined to be a mighty factor in His plan to save the world.

During all this, I was actively engaged in church work, and really busy in definitely proving men into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. About this time, I had also become thoroughly sanctified, and knew it, and the indisputable evidence, to me, was seen in the souls God helped me to win for Him. Without any knowledge whatever of how the Army conducted their meetings, I began to have prayer meetings after every service I conducted, whether morning, afternoon, or night, and urged people to salvation, and let me say to the honor of Him, Whose servant I was, and am, that frequently I saw sinners seeking salvation. On one Sunday morning there were nine; on the same evening, six others. At another place, two sought pardon on the Sunday evening, and eight at night, besides three and three on different occasions. It will be clearly seen, therefore, that life's great purpose had taken hold of me. Ministers and laymen now began to press me to offer myself for the regular ministry, to which I replied, "Yes, my all is on the altar, and if God will but let me see He wants me to do so, I'll promptly obey," but I added, "In addition to a call from the church, I must have a distinct and definite call from God in my own heart." Such call I never received,

consequently I never went, but diligently pursued my lay work, starting a seven a.m. Sunday prayer meeting (which continued for seven or eight years afterwards, to my knowledge.) We also began holding cottage meetings, etc., and in our own way had struck out on real aggressive lines for God and souls, and not without some marked encouragement in the conversion of sinners.

Critical moments, however, arrived in my life, and while doing everything I could for the Master, Whom I truly loved, an announcement was made that an Army

**A** HALFPENNY War Cry, and a rugged looking thing at that, was the first particle of Salvation Armyism I ever saw. It had been sent me from England to Christchurch, New Zealand, and had evidently been well handled and read before posting to the Antipodes. However, there it was, with all its peculiarities: "Knee-drill," "Blood-and-fire," etc., etc.; but what

of these? I had no quarrel to pick with words or terms, but dived into the contents of this funny paper, having learned the lesson that, just as the prospector notices the broken pieces of quartz lying on the surface, and argues from that to the possible wealth below, so I reasoned: "Maybe a mine of spiritual wealth is contained herein?" I once heard Commissioner Howard say, "The spirit of a man moulds his work;" and certainly, the spirit of that War Cry began to take hold of me in real earnest, and how much I owe to this War Cry for what I am, I cannot tell. Unlike many, however, I have heard speak about their first impressions of the Army, I never had my sensibilities offended with what appeared ludicrous or irrelevant, but at the very outset, seemed to

officer, (Captain, now Colonel, Pollard) was coming to Christchurch, and was going to stay with a friend of mine who had come out with him, and Lieutenant (now Major) Wright, from England.

My friend had told me so much about these two salvation boys (as they called them) that I was simply in a fever to see them and agreed with him that when he drove to the station (Christchurch) to meet Captain Pollard, he should call at the warehouse where I was employed on his way back and let me have a look at this youthful salvation pioneer.

He did so, and on catching the first glance of the somewhat delicate looking face of Captain Pollard my heart went out to him in much love as I think must have bound the hearts of David and Jonathan together. I stepped up to the buggy, gripped his hand firmly, and after a few words of greeting, returned to the warehouse full of emotion and amazement.

That night was to be the first turn-out of our little aggressive band of workers, for a sort of a song sing in the street. It was not arranged between the Army Captain had come, but simply a development of our methods, having been arranged before knowing anything about his coming, but it was a happy co-incidence.

I asked the Captain to lead the open-air and show us how to do it.

"Shall I bring my concertina?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I said, "do what you like." So at the appointed hour we sallied forth from our little church in no such order as two or four abreast, but just as we liked: a little clump of open-air novices, anxious to do good, and willing to learn how to do it. The Captain walked backwards (how comical it looked) giving out, then playing and singing.

"There is a fountain."

We joined in nervously (at least I did) and then stopped at a street corner, while the Captain announced the meeting and invited sinners to come, and also to come to Jesus. Oh, how beautiful I thought to be able to talk to sinners in the street like that, and then I stammered out something, feeling my own awkwardness greatly.

In the indoor meeting the Captain spoke with to me—thrilling effect, and yet in such amazing simplicity that I began to feel despair creeping over me about my ever becoming a useful speaker.

Oh, thought I, if only I can get my friend to consent to Captain Pollard staying at my house to-night how happy I would be. (I was then married and comfortably settled down.)

He did consent, and that night I had the honor to entertain the first Salvation Army officer who ever slept in Christchurch. But he didn't sleep much. I assure you, for I wanted to know so much about the Salvation Army work; in fact I wanted to know everything about it, that it was very late (or early) before we retired, and then—ah! cruel me—I followed the Captain into his room, set down by his bed, and wanted to know some more about the Army. (I can see now I was properly captivated.) Poor Captain! His head boded long many a time, until fairly overcome, my questions were left unanswered and I had to retire.

A fortnight after this, Christchurch was attacked by the Blood-and-fire Army, and we being away at any service of my own that Sunday, I naturally wondered to where I could see this new spiritual force in active operation.

A Primitive Methodist woman-preacher and I were the only persons that took the platform with the four officers, and I was asked to speak, and I did so, with—to myself—exceptional liberty.

I attended the night meeting also, and, oh, what a row there was, until the excited, half-demoniac crowd broke up the proceedings in a most inglorious hub-bub, and all made off with as good grace as possible. The roar of voices and the clash and bustle of some 600 lambs at the sight of the Captain (who, with myself, was marching arm-in-arm in a homeward direction, the attempt to put him in the River Avon, and the subsequent raid they made on some poor, defenceless Chinamen, when their heads had not got full vent upon these modern apostles, all bore heavily upon my heart, and only seemed to get free vent when on reaching home. I said to my wife

"Well, my dear, I've had a look at hell to-night," and in a second breath added, "Thank God for young men like these who have given up their lives for the salvation of other young men."

Not long after, a sort of indefinite question came to my own heart: "But, what about you? You're thanking God for these young men; can't you do similar work?" But I dismissed the thought as a passing idea, suggested by the circumstances I had just been in; but in a day or two it came back and back again, until I began to feel

I was responsible for giving some sort of answer to it.

I talked it over with my wife, who always seemed to be blessed with a reader foresight than me, and she said, "Well, if God wants us to go, let us go." "Oh, but I'm not sure," I replied. "I want to be sure, and besides," I added, "we should have to sell the house, and square up this and the other." But how wonderfully God clears the way for them who will obey Him. The "this and the other" began to clear out of the way in a remarkable fashion, leaving only the question of the house to settle, and this I offered for sale at a price which was the utmost limit of the sacrifice I could well make at that time. Meanwhile, I wrote Captain Pollard, offering ourselves (babe and all), and telling him the circumstances, receiving the answer that as soon as our way was clear, we had to go to Dunedin (then headquarters). In about a fortnight's time, a young man came into the warehouse and said, "I'll take your house at your own price."

What a wonderful removal through me at that moment, for the last obstacle had been removed to our going, and it only remained for me to tell my wife, wind up affairs, give notice to my employers, and off, but stop! To tell my little wife, who had come 14,000 miles only about seventeen months before to share life's joys and sorrows with me in our nice, cozy, little home—to tell her I had sold it all, and we must pack up and go into a land we knew not of, oh! I did it with no easy matter, but this is how I did it. On returning from the city at night, I entered the house singing, though somewhat sadly, I dare say.

"No rest of heart do I possess,  
So content in the wilderness,  
A poor, wandering man."

Ah! that spoke volumes, and at that moment we raised the knife to slay our Isaac, and shortly afterwards, on the very day the first New Zealand War Cry was issued, we left the fair City of the Plains to start our Salvation Army career. That twelve hours' train ride was none too cheery. We had left very, very dear friends behind, and had come away against their approval, and, in some instances, in direct opposition to their strongest reasonings, but the call to our hearts was imperative, and we had sworn to our heart that we would follow God.

Nearly eleven years have passed without one regret for having then obeyed the voice of God. Our consecration is still complete, our purposes are one, and our love for soul-saving grows stronger as the needs of poor, lost humanity are presented to us while being led by the Spirit.

## Three Cheers for Port Arthur.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., April 19, 1904.

Editor War Cry, Toronto: DEAR EDITOR,—This week's Cry just to hand, and I notice F. E. S. report from Winnipeg and his challenge to the WESTERN PROVINCE to beat them at knee-drill. Some time ago I challenged Winnipeg. Sunday, February 9th, we had nineteen at 7 a.m. knee-drill, and I began to "boom" it, and on Sunday, April 15th, we had reached 150.

This is a small town, but our people like the knee-drill, and I now challenge CANADA to beat us. Let F. E. S. beware! If Winnipeg is not already badly beaten, I am surprised. Some of our friends come a long way to the early morning meeting, and one man says it is the best meeting of the day. We are having converts right along. Our second enrolment comes off next week.

At Major Read's Sunday evening meeting, we had the Town Hall; it was packed, even to the outer steps, and I heard of one woman who got "making" wet standing outside in the rain listening to the meeting, unable to get inside. Victory right along. Sincerely yours,

CAPTAIN JESSE MILLER.

## Wandering Musicians.

MITCHELL.—Our Stamford comrades drove over last Monday afternoon to give us a lift. Headed by the brass band we had a rousing march. A lively time at the bar-room. God bless Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Hollett. Come again.

## Hardened Soil.

OWEN SOUND.—We have had some blessed meetings the past week. Good times on Sunday. The knee-drills are getting better. Every night a time of prayer, yet no one would come to God. Captain Woodhead read the lesson, and forced home living truths, and Rudin Goodwin dealt very faithfully with these present. —Miss JOSE STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.

## MITRAILLEUSE.

In New York there are 80,000 persons out of employment.

Two Salvationists got a drunkard saved in the streets of Sacramento.

21,000 people sought salvation at Army meetings in Australia during 1893.

The General has received jubilee congratulations from Archbishop Farrar.

During the year 43,000,000 copies of Salvation literature have been circulated.

Colonel Bailey's Seaside Camp Meetings, at Christchurch, have been a great success.

A new Home of Rest is to be opened at Benah, on May 1st, by Major and Mrs. Keppel.

A recent convert smashed his store of wine in the presence of his astonished servants.

Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth had a successful Swedish meeting in Brooklyn.

The telegraph operators, of Riverside, Cal., sent a generous donation to the Self-Denial Fund.

Ten thousand "Grace—before—Meat" Boxes have been placed in and around London alone.

A penitent in an Army meeting, at Winterthen, Switzerland, gave up a pistol to the Captain.

Six men were recently rescued from a watery grave by the Salvation Army steam launch, "Theodora."

The first of the series of Jubilee Rejoicings was held in the Queen's Hall, on April 9th and 10th.

Commander Booth is conducting a series of Special Monday Meetings in the Strangers' Auditorium, N.Y.

A meeting was held at an outpost. Only three were present, but at the close two out of the three cried for mercy.

The amount of paper, rags, etc., collected in one week by the Salvage Brigade amounted to seventy tons weight.

During the first eight days spent by Colonel and Mrs. Dorrill, in Australia, over 200 souls were quickened into newness of life.

At a certain Australian corps, the handmen were posted on the top of the barracks, and from this position sent forth salvation strains.

The Methodist Recorder suggests that the General's Salvation Jubilee should be recognized in some form by the evangelical churches.

Her Majesty, the Queen Regent of Holland, has given another donation of 250 guilders to help the Army's Social Work in Amsterdam.

"Ready to perish," is the title of an attractive pamphlet, reviewing the English Rescue Work, which was published in London last week.

A Dutch Colonel, in the Queen's Army, presents our Obedts to tell War Cry in the soldiers' barracks. Fifty copies went off the first day.

The ex-prison which the Amsterdam corporation has lent us for Social Work, was built in 1513 for a cloister. It is now an Army Shelter.

A local preacher lately knelt at an Army penitent form, in California, and cried for victory over sin. At night he was seen on the march carrying the Army flag.

A most successful meeting was held in the Tremont Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Ballington Booth addressed and charmed the 1,200 people who had assembled to hear her.

A reader of the Gazette is so delighted with Commissioner Odman's articles upon "Hell's Shaft Holes," that he has ordered 200,000 copies to be printed for distribution.

One of our Stellan officers has died from inflammation of the brain, caused by a blow from a rough. 2,000 people attended his funeral, and twenty-two professed conversion at the memorial service.

The Supreme Court, of California, has decided that the city ordinance of San Jose, under which Captain Wray was recently arrested, is unconstitutional. This decision gives the Army the right to march and play through the State.

Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungry and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was a stranger and ye took me not in, naked and ye clothed me not, sick and in prison and ye visited me not.—St. Matthew's Gospel 25 ch., v., 42, 43 v.

## FOUR WINNIPER BARRISMEN.

The Editorial Department recently received a photo of a number of Winnipeg bandmen. We asked for a few particulars respecting them. "F. E. S." supplies as follows:

"OUR BOB" has been a wild youth in his day; was a Queen's soldier at the time of the North-West rebellion, and fought in the battle of Batoche with the reds. Was on the warpath three or four months. Was fired on by the Indians while talking, but managed to escape with his scalp, but nearly lost his clothes, as he had no time to arrange his toilet. Saw an old Sunday school teacher of his shot, and a number of the redskins.

While working as a carpenter—carpenter—in the grain elevator at Fort Arthur, got on a bust, and when he came to his senses, was in Owen Sound, having been carried across the lakes in one of the greyhound like steamers. Stayed in Ontario some time, and took in the cities.

MOSTERTH is a printer in the Commercial Office; was a farmer's boy, but took to city life. Has been in the West a number of years. Recently paid a visit to his parents at Killarney. Was treated like a parson, asked to preach, pray, and so forth. Was special War Cry correspondent for a short time. Is a good musician, and plays a cornet.

JOHNIE HARKER is also a printer. Staid in Ontario when a Junior. His mother says he would have been a "bad 'un" if he hadn't got saved. Has been a special to many corps. Is a good singer, and an all-round Salvationist; but should meditate on becoming an officer. Plays cornet, slide trombone, and banjo.

ERNEST PHILLIPS has been an O.P.R. boy; intended being a locomotive engineer. Ran stationary engines, pumping water tanks along the line. Was beginning to be a young blood, when he got saved. Is a candidate, and expects to be in the London Training Garrison soon. Plays a trombone, and sings like a woman.

They are interested in the Commandant's proposition to form a mounted brass band, and no doubt some of them will volunteer their services if called upon. F. E. S.

## A Beautiful Record.

FEVERSHAM.—At one Brigade during the past six weeks TWENTY-NINE BROTHERS have cried for mercy, and a good number of them are going to be soldiers. Ten have already been enrolled under the yellow, red and blue. For greater things than these we are believing.—Captain N. Gamm.

## A War Dance and Wind-up.

GALT.—We are having grand meetings soldiers getting on fire. One grocer sent a big basket of provisions to the officers' quarters. On Saturday we welcomed Bandman William, late of the Linger corps. Sunday, 2:30 p.m., a rousing march and good music made straight into the crowd. The evening time. Some straight shots were fired at the enemy, then down we went on our knees. ONE VOLUNTEERED out and fell into the formula; then ANOTHER cried for mercy. We were a war dance, and wound up the day singing.—J. B. BAZZ, Special Correspondent.

## Toronto to Winnipeg.

## NOTES ON THE TOUR.

A Break-Down—Neat Quarters—113 at  
Knee-Drill—“Get Your Baggage  
Checked”—A Lazy Christian—A  
Sleepy Dude—Ensign Dowell  
—A Kind C.P.R. Conductor  
—A Fair-Haired  
Boy's Question—  
A Deaf and  
Dumb Christian Girl—Program.

## BY MAJOR READ.

A month to date since leaving Newfoundland, and here we are at Fort Arthur, the extreme eastern end of the Western Provincial limit. We thought it would be a good idea to stay over on our way to Winnipeg, and we are sitting in Captain Josie Milne's neat, little quarters as we do so. Fort William, another Salvation Army station, is four miles distant, and we intend conducting meetings at both corps to-night (Saturday), and all day Sunday.

Good news awaited us. Big knee-drills. One hundred and thirteen (113!) last Sunday morning. Crowded meetings. Lots of interest manifested. Townsfolk believe in the Salvation Army and its principles. Yes, the Army has a host of true adherents. Then Captain Hayes came in pleading her cause at Fort William. Both officers had arranged a big program for the week-end, intending to get as much work out of us as possible, an special seldom visit these corps.

A few notes of the journey thus far may be acceptable and interesting to our readers: Duddy Florence literally shrieked, a “Good-bye,” and “Hallelujah” at the Union Depot as we left Toronto. Captain Edgcombe was there, too. What about Mother Florence? She was certainly all there.

One passenger possessed a very awkward piece of baggage, which he should not have had in the “first-class car.” Consequently, he had to get his “baggage checked,” and to make matters worse, we found out afterward that he was a Christian, but a *very* one, for he had “done nothing for Jesus for years.” We tried to show him the foolishness of trying to keep saved, and care nothing for dying souls.

“Blood-and-fire. Terrible, is it not?” said a drowsy, young dude to another of the same kind by his side. Tossing his drowsy head over on the seat, he was soon snoring again. — Ensign Dowell boarded the train at Georgetown and had lots of good news to tell us about his proposed plans for the summer campaign in his district.

“The circle course can be worked, and I am a great believer in it,” said the Ensign, most emphatically; and he proved it by quoting some reminiscences of Everham. “But the bridge must be visited, and the whole thing will look after,” continued the Bridgebridge D. O. He looks well, and had lots of good things to say about his faithful officers and soldiers.

A broken bridge was the cause of a two hour delay at North Bay. It was just a trifling mishap, but enough to prevent that huge C. P. R. engine from dashing on its way. Reader, have you a small broken bridge in your soul-experiences? If so, be careful; don't try to go ahead until the sore place is healed, the flaw rectified.

Kindness is an excellent quality. “Kind words can never die,” kind words are registered in heaven. We thought this as we noticed a C. P. R. conductor doing all he could for the comfort and welfare of a young mother who had four dear children clamoring and wailing, causing her much fatigue. “Do what you can for her; she has had lots of trouble with her children; she needs rest so much. I am leaving the train now, but will see that the next conductor looks out for her,” said this gentleman, and Mrs. Read was able to render some assistance.

“Have a little of this Railway's Ready Relief,” said the above lazy Christian, “I always carry a bottle of it with me in case of emergency.” He addressed a woman who felt very sick. We could not help thinking of the fact that he himself could get a sure relief for his distasteful by applying at the Cross for a baptism of divine love for souls. What a consummation in this caring for bodily wants when one soul craves!

“Would you like a smoke? It is a pipe,” said a fashionably-dressed young man in a daze, strange-haired boy, who was enquiring what strange thing he held between his fingers. He might have more explicitly explained the use of this stinking thing, and

also advised the dear little fellow to have nothing to do with it, but to ask the four-year-old if he wanted a smoke was very ungentlemanly indeed and so unwise. Ah, consistency!

A deaf and dumb girl sat near us on the car. With the aid of our fingers, we asked, “Are you saved?” “Y-E-S,” was her sign answer. Going through various other hand and finger motions, we found out that she was going to Winnipeg to her husband, who is saved, and felt as happy as we did our best to converse with her spiritually with our fingers. It was a slow and silent chat, but was very effectual.

At present, the program for PORT ARTHUR is as follows: To-night (Saturday), presentation of colors; to-morrow (Sunday), 7 a.m. knee-drill; 7 p.m., Salvation meeting.

For FORT WILLIAM—Sunday, 11 a.m., holiness meeting; 3 p.m., presentation of colors; 7 p.m., Salvation meeting, with a soldiers' and converts' meeting at each corps. Then on Monday noon we go on to Winnipeg, from which place we shall send more notes, with reference to our week-end battles at the above two places.

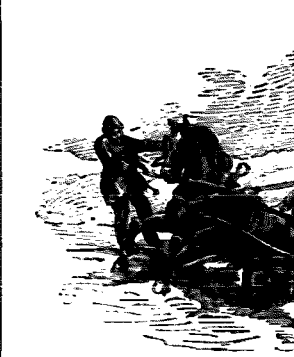
Though in the far West, we do not forget our dear comrades in Newfoundland, and shall continually pray that God will keep every officer, soldier, and recruit true, first to God, then the Army and its principles. Hallelujah!

## Newfoundland Conquests.

## WAR STILL RAGING—TWENTY-THREE PRISONERS TAKEN—FIRST EXPERIENCES ROUND THE BAY.

## BY ADJUTANT SHEPHERD.

Boarded one of the Newfoundland railway cars on Tuesday morning, March 27th, to commence my first trip round the Bay. The morning was bright and beautiful, giving both land and sea a cheerful appearance. On the one side of the railway line teems the waters



of Conception Bay. Floating ice is plentiful. Along the beach are numbers of small boats, and the new familiar “fish-fishes.” Looking through the window on the other side, everything has a distinctly wintry appearance. The land is covered with a white coat; but the fir trees seem to bid defiance to all, as they push their dark tops through the snow, and form a contrast to all around. Young fisher-lads meet us at the various stations, looking quite content with their brown cheeks and happy faces.

After five hours' ride, I landed at Tilton station, and was met by Sergeant Cove, who had kindly come over to meet me, bringing with him his little pony and sleigh (or, perhaps, I ought to say the pony brought him.) Now for my first experience with one of these hard-working little ponies, which are noted (like a certain Army officer's horse) for their “power of endurance.” This faithful little animal trudged away in good shape, and behaved splendidly. We passed several loads of wood on the way, being drawn by dogs, and in some cases, in order to make the most of the wind, a dog had been hauled on the top of the load of wood to help the dogs in the effort to pull it along. Our conductor in this bright little island knew how to make the most of their opportunities. After four miles driven through the country, in face of a stiff wind, arrived at the quarters, and found Captain Fynn, Lieutenant Hodder and their Capt. Rejoicing over a number of souls having found salvation during the last four weeks.

The name of Bay Roberts has become famous. Our sang barracks was almost full at night, and after a little time all stiffness wore away, and we had a real blessed time. The prospects are very bright for Bay Roberts, and all the Corps around about shall yet ring with the songs of salvation.

Wednesday morning, before starting for Harbor Grace, went over to see the Glad

Tidings. She has been wintering in the bay here. Unfortunately the weather was too stormy to go aboard, so had to content myself with looking at her from ashore, as she lay close to, looking every inch a “little gem.” Four miles' ride through a blinding snow storm, with the wind blowing a regular hurricane, arrived at railway depot. At times we could hardly see our way, but our pony stuck to it, and at last we “got there,” half covered with snow and ice. Boarded train and made for Harbor Grace, where Captain Rine, the Salvation Colporteur, met us. After tea with Captain Knight and Chad, came the march and landing meeting. The best that can be said about this meeting is that after a brave fight in the prayer meeting, four souls cried to God for mercy. Many more were convicted, but left the building unmoved. The sight of sinners crying for mercy kindled the wonderfully, and we finished up about eleven o'clock, praising God for the prodigal coming home.

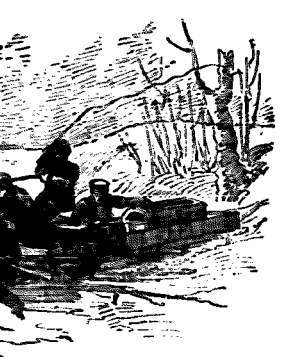
Next day Captain Rine and myself made our way over to Carbonear, where we received a Newfoundland welcome from Captain Snook, Lieutenant Pittman and the comrades there. A large crowd assembled in the barracks at night, and we had a good, well-attended meeting, the faithful, warning sinners of the danger they were in.

Friday morning should have been spent in crossing the barrens, but the storm was too great; the wind blew a regular hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. We had, therefore, the pleasure of conducting the holiness meeting at Carbonear. God came very near, and we had a blessed time. Praise God!

The barrens are famous. The news of the difficulty experienced in going across has spread far and near.

Our comrades at Heart's Content had been announcing the opening of their new barracks. We were determined to do all we could not to disappoint them. So on Saturday morning we commenced the journey. We decided to go by a short (!) road, and got about three miles out from Carbonear, when we came to a river. The water had overflowed the banks and covered the bridge right over. The rain of the previous night had melted a lot of snow and ice, but the first coming so sharp at night had frozen everything over with a crust. We were in a fix. To go forward we were almost sure to land into the river; and if we retraced our steps and took the other road we might find ourselves in the same difficulty.

After a little reconnoitering our driver decided to try the river. Two men came



along at a very opportune moment. So with one man going ahead with a rope to try and keep us somewhere within the track, the driver at the horses' heads, and others hanging on to the sleigh, the journey commenced. Unfortunately, however, before getting half way across, the ice broke up, and the poor horses was in four or five feet of water. This was most inconvenient, to say the least of it, especially as the weather was bitterly cold. However, after unbitching the horse in mid river we managed to get to the opposite shore. Our difficulty now was how to get the sleigh, with a trunk of trade goods on board, over the other side. With a little pulling and tugging, however we managed this also, but not before getting pretty wet, having to wade in ice and water. The weather being so cold the water froze to our overcoats and pants almost as soon as it touched them, making them stiff as boards. This was fortunate, as we were saved the necessity of giving the remaining eleven miles with wet clothes.

Once over the river we went forward speedily until reaching the half-way house. After shivering out a little we commenced again. Snow began to fall, the wind to blow, and before long we were enveloped in a snow storm. Apart from this we got along wonderfully well, and landed in Heart's Content well saved and happy.

(To be continued.)

## TRURO.

At free and easy meeting Saturday night A BACKSLIDER RETURNED to God, and ANOTHER ONE RETURNED AT THE SALVATION MEETING SUNDAY NIGHT. Praise God! — ROBERT W. PRINCE, Special Correspondent.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS.

## BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

“I can't give up sin and its pleasures.” This was the flimsy excuse we received the other night while pleading with a sin-bound soul. We looked at him—scarcely one whole article of clothing upon his body; ragged, dirty, homeless, and unhappy.

“How long,” we asked, have you served the devil?”

Well, he wasn't quite sure. “But you served him all last year, at any rate,” we added; “what did he give you? Look at what he has brought you to. Think of the position he has placed you in. And yet you say, ‘I cannot give up sin and its pleasures.’”

Ah! poor, deluded soul, you have nothing to give up: you are only foolishly throwing away God's greatest gift—eternal life. Oh, that his blind eyes may be opened to see Jesus as his life, his light, his all in all!

We felt quite proud of our barracks last Sunday night (and we think it was quite justifiable). Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness; but our barracks was not only clean, but exceedingly pretty. The pale green and bright red form a charming contrast, and as the Captain said, we only want a few mottoes to make everything complete. The dining room has also donned its spring dress; but not only is the room exceedingly bright and pretty, but what is perhaps to some of our customers a most important item, the bill of fare is most inviting. We accepted an invitation (or to be strictly honest, we suggested it) the other day to dinner, and we were forcibly struck with the quality as well as the quantity of the menu. But while we are most anxious to make everything as comfortable and homelike as possible, we ever keep in mind that it is our mission not to alone feed the hungry bodies, but to break the bread of life to their even more hungry souls.

Leutenant Ross bids farewell to pots and pans, and introduces himself to bolts and bars. Many a prisoner in our jail and prison, will welcome him as a herald of good tidings. He will visit them during their confinement, and upon their discharge, will do all in his power to help them. Invite them to our Prison Gate Home; endeavor to obtain employment for them;—but above all, seek to lead them home to Jesus.

Such work is most necessary. A prisoner is discharged; for perhaps six months he has been under the strictest discipline, but, at last he is free. His home is perhaps many miles away; it is true he has been given a ticket to his destination. But, as he steps out of freedom, he is seized with a kind of loneliness; the distance of the past rises up before him; he has no true friend to whom he can turn for sympathy; but there is someone waiting for him, even at the very gate there stands one of his old chums. “Let's have just one drink.” And what is the result? The ticket which was to have taken him home, is in many instances, pawned for drink, and in a very short time, before the sun of his first day has set, he is once more behind the iron bars.

But we love these poor, weak ones, and our earnest prayer is, God, increase that love, and we according to try to help them, and arrange that upon their discharge, they shall find, not one of their old chums, but a warm-hearted Salvationist waiting for them, ready to cheer and help them, and lead them to pure and holy lives. God bless our comrades as he, in God's strength, enters upon his new field of labor, and give him the joy of leading many souls into liberty.

About three months ago, a poor, trembling soul sought Jesus in one of our Shelter meetings. In his case, as in all others, the promise, “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,” was fulfilled, and work soon opened up. Although leaving the city, he was determined to be true to God—and connected himself with the Army—where he has ever since been fighting as a loyal soldier. He dropped his old sin on the other day, and we saw his Army badge and his bright smiling face, I heard his testimony to the saving and keeping power of God. Truly, our hearts rejoiced over another brand plucked from the burning.

“You may have a rough voyage through life, but you have nothing to fear while you keep unbelieved below, faith on deck, and Christ at the helm of your vessel.”





# FRIDAY NIGHT.

Y. W. C. A., Elm St.

## Mrs. Booth

— PRESENTS AT THE —

### HOLINESS CONVENTION

A Second Time.

### A Splendid Meeting.

### PENITENTIAL FINALE.

The highly-esteemed editor of the New York contemporary, who nominates our Canadian *Kaiser* CRY by the mysterious term "scholarship," and says we want to be particular in printing that word, since it is not found in any of the dictionaries, ought to be present at our Friday Night's, to correctly print the striking things which there take place.

The attendances are, if anything, larger than previously, and the enthusiasm is at white heat, ready to blow up at any moment. The testimonies are of excellent type. Especially many Army friends are availing themselves of the opportunity to prophesy in the name of the Lord Jesus, and it may truly be said, "Great grace is upon us all."

An inspiring song of a Salvation Army man, now in heaven, was the opening high-alt of the convention. Note the Salvation Armyman of the last verse:

"With salvation for every nation,  
To the ends of the earth we will go;  
With a fire and a full salvation,  
All the power of the cross we'll show.  
We'll tell the world of the peace,  
And win the world for Jesus.  
We'll be conquerors forever,  
For we never will give in."

Mrs. Booth delivered the responsibility of meetings to be not merely on the leader, but also on every person present.

The testimonies were imposed upon them three conditions—brevity, pointedness, in the spirit.

The substance of several was as follows:—  
"It was on the third Sunday in January, Lord, God blessed my heart."

"I'm glad I've found the secret out. He has put His Spirit within me and causes me to walk in His ways. I willingly, lovingly, cheerfully obey Him."—Captain Armstrong.

"I must decrease that He may increase. I have become smaller since last Friday night. He has placed me in a conquering attitude. I have stepped out on the 'Four notes' of the Bible."—Ensign Farr.

"I am lying submissively in the hand of God, but he has cast Him a lot of care to get me where I am now."—Captain Dunn.

"I am sinking out of self into Christ."

A Frenchman believed in the imputed righteousness of Christ, but now I know of His imputed righteousness. Speaking to an individual who held the "imputed" view, I said, "Suppose you go to a fruiterer and buy of him some oranges which he declares are fresh; then on heading them you find they are rotten, you say, 'I thought you said they were fresh?' 'Yes,' replies the fruiterer, 'so you are fresh by imputation.' You would not think such a thing to be a fraud, and don't you think it is a fraud to say Christ views me as right when we are all wrong?"—Mr. Harvey.

Mrs. Booth, appealing to the uncommitted, said:

"Why those eloquent regrets and those tears? Can the Lord ever cleanse? Can He? Can He? Can the blood of Christ cleanse you sin? Thank God, I know it. I believe what I speak of! I believe in a thorough consecration, not in words, but in action. We ought to say like the Apostle Paul, 'The things which ye have seen and heard in me, do so in your hearts; that the Gospel of Jesus Christ be proclaimed in you; that ye may have power abiding to our care; it is in our power either to drag in life or to cast into the light in such a way that the people may stay away from Him: of whom it is said—'

"Every man casts a shadow behind him. We have Jesus by the shadow He left behind. No man casts a shadow as Jesus casts His; only the presence of a Jesus can produce it. And what is the secret of a happy life? Simply to follow in His steps."

"I am glad to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost for what He has done for me. I have loved a man so much in my life. I praise

Him for keeping me in the midst of great temptation."—Mr. French.

"I have Jesus reigning within my heart. He is with me in my home life."—Mrs. Staff-Captain Strassburg.

We sang:

"He has pardoned my transgressions,  
He has washed me with white as snow."

"For nine years I was conscious of the experience depicted in the first line. 'He has pardoned,' etc. Then I saw there was a possibility of having the other fuller experience. 'He has washed me white as snow.' I sought, and sought earnestly, with praying and tears, finally I was led of the Spirit to testify all to God; then I reached out by faith, and received the definite experience of full salvation, involved in that last line of the song.

"The blood of Jesus washes me whiter than snow," and there is produced in me indescribable joy. He has thus kept me twenty-three years, and I recommend Him to all."—A Frenchman.

Staff-Captain Jewer was led to full consecration, by the good living of a comrade, who testified in the barracks to full salvation, and who was watched by the Staff-Captain's brother to see if he lived it out.

Mrs. Booth sang a song running thus:

"I am coming to thee, O Lord,  
Oh, my soul, I see thee."

and followed with some of the most magnificent expressions and exhortations we have ever listened to. The death-bed of the minister who had presided to others, and was lost himself, was an awful instance of becoming a "conveyor" through vain, glorious motive in service; a vastly happier scene was that depicted in the death-bed of Mrs. General Booth, who sang in triumph:

"I'm believing and rejoicing,  
While I to the river go;  
And my heart is never ceasing,  
Whiter than the driven snow."

Some who are now popular, would not be so much so if they were true men, and delivered the whole truth of God. Jesus was no trimmer of the truth, He was not afraid to say, "My brother, you are wrong;" and what was the result? they crucified Him.

When telling Mrs. General Booth how she shrank from publicity, and felt it difficult to know what to say, Mrs. General Booth had said to her, "You have a heart, tell them what you feel." "And," continued Mrs. Booth, "I feel we should live out the truth. We ought to do so on account of our human and children. I said to my little son, Victor, 'I want you to grow up to be a good man, and Victor said, 'Yes, mamma, just like papa.' I was very glad that I could say to him, 'Yes, just like your papa.' Speaking of the latest occurrence, Mrs. Booth said, 'I saw a father and his little son of about three. The father was smoking, and the little son wanted to smoke, too, and the father actually

gave the boy a pipe to be like him. How important it is that a right example should be set at home! How vain it is to have a Christian text on the wall and to be fighting unbelief at it."

We had a splendid finale. The table was surrounded with speakers as the benediction was pronounced.

MAJOR COMPTON, the Commandant's Secretary for Literature, conducted four meetings in connection with the "Lifeboat" on Sunday. Staff-Captain Streeton and most of the Headquarters' Staff were present; Adjutant Manton also lent a hand.



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## George, of Bowmanville.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

"The fastest, that with puny eyes  
Just shoots along one summer ray,  
The 6-second, which the breath of spring  
Wakes into life for half a day.  
The smallest motor, the tenderest hair,  
All end a Slavey Father's care."

CHURCHMAN.

On a barren reef, under a tropical sun, with 700 miles of heaving waves between them and the nearest civilization, was indeed a sorry position.

Out of the Eve stock that had been aboard the ill-fated vessel, one little kid managed to escape. Everyone looked with pitying eyes on the innocent little thing, but there was no alternative, it had to die to provide food. Then there was a number of large ungainly birds that sat in rows along the reef, and which were so tame that they suffered themselves to be killed without an effort to escape. In a few days, however, those left became shy, and finally flew off to return no more.

When the tide was down, and the ship was only just submerged, the opportunity was taken and eagerly seized to get from the wreck anything portable. A bag of water was landed, and the allowance for each person fixed at three wine glasses a day. For five days they subsisted thus, till thirst reached almost a paroxysm. On one occasion, when almost delirious, John George crept round in the gloom of night to the water bag, and eluding the drowsy sentinel, who was responsible to guard every drop of the precious fluid, removed the spigot peg, and slacked his burning thirst by a good, long draught. "I never felt the thirst so bad after that," says George.

The doctor, who had at one time been on a British man-of-war, proved a saviour. He said that if they could get a big copper and a few other things from the wreck, he could construct a condenser, which would produce from the salt sea water all they would need for drinking purposes.

The labor involved was herculean, but it was for dear life, and every man did his utmost. In a few days, their efforts were rewarded in seeing the condenser completed, and the prospect of death from thirst postponed.

The next undertaking was to construct a boat big enough to hold the party. To detail the many difficulties that were encountered and overcome would be monotonous. But a fine example of the value of co-operation was afforded in the result obtained: they dived under water, and succeeded "The Jenny Lind," their vessel of 1,000 tons, which had once so gaily sailed out of Plymouth; they sawed the planks, they skinned and bent them into shape; they steamed the joints, and turned out quite a passable vessel.

All went jubilant.

Then they launched her. Alas, alas! she rapidly filled, and would have sunk, had they not hauled her on to the rock with all speed. With all their care, they found their workmanship very faulty, and in many places the water found an entrance. This was disheartening, but they were desperate. They would wait till morning, as it was now late, then they would see what could be done.

In the morning it was found that through lying partially in the water, the planks had creaked, and they might now venture on their 100-mile trip. With all speed, and every provision made that was possible under circumstances, they hoisted sail, and steered their boat for Moreton Bay, on the east coast of Australia. Providence favored them. Smooth sailing was experienced, and early one morning they found themselves in the neighborhood of the Bay.

Sailors are ingenious men. George got transhipped south to Sydney, N.S.W., and got work as a cabinet maker at Tremaine's, in Pitt Street. From there he went north to Newcastle, as a builder. Here, while camping out, he learned how to make damper (bread), and Billy tea. Then he became coast-rider, becoming as nimble in navigating his quadruped as he had been in steering a ship, and running aloft, or splicing a rope. He was certainly a man of many parts.

About this time he revisited the old home in Cornwall; he might have stayed there, but the free life of Australia suited a man for the Old Country order of things, accordingly George returned to the place of which the Irish emigrant sings:

"They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there."

But he had learned by now the truth of a very ancient record, viz., "It is not good for man to be alone." Accordingly, he carried off with him this time one of the

dark-eyed true-hearted daughters of Cornwall to grace the far-off Australian home. He reached his destination alright, and chose Glen Innes, in New South Wales, as his home. For a while all went merrily, but as even the bright sky of Australia is sometimes shrouded in pally blackness and tempestuous gloom, so was it to be with George. May be the prayers of the old Bible Christian couple were yet before the throne in great power, and though shipwreck and tempest had failed to melt the steel-clad heart, the removal of his tenderest friend might. To confer upon her the crown of life might win him.

Death came. They laid his wife in the grave. What now were his home and land to him. Said the doctor: "Go away, Mr. George, seek a complete change. Your disease is of the mind and heart. Come back in six months." Said to say his grief he never took to Jesus.

George left, but returned no more. Years after, with the present Mrs. George, he came to Canada, still unconverted. "What kind of a husband was he, Mrs. George?" I asked.

"Oh," said Mrs. George, "kind enough, only a slave to the drink."

Kind but true, the noble old soldier who had faced life's dangers by flood and field, and whose life was whitening with years, had gone down again before the drink, an enemy whose very subtilty had won him.

He met one night in the barracks at Bowmanville. Blessed be God for the living witnesses for Christ in the Army. That platform was a convincer. The child of the old Bryanite preacher knew that it was no wild fire that had transformed those men. The arrow of truth pierced him to the quick. He saw himself a sinner. His position before God rose up before him and glared at him like a ghost. He made his way to the door with a face like Judea likely had.

"Come on back, Johnny," said the imploring voice of a soldier. "No," was the reply.

But before long he did come, and, says George, "I shouted, yes, and I did not care if all Bowmanville heard me." At last the old car could say:

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest."

I tell the wise man to none, the way stormy deep,  
But I am safe where the storms come no more.

## From Free Press, April 14th, we extract: ENSIGN GALT'S FAREWELL.

### Affectionate Address Before a Large Gathering in the Barracks.

With the Toronto train last night, Miss Ethel Galt, Ensign of the Salvation Army, left the city for home, having been in Ottawa for about one year, in charge of the corps of this District.

Miss Galt has exercised a wonderful influence for good, not alone over the many somewhat turbulent spirits who were wont to look upon the barracks as the place to have a good time, in anything but a spiritual sense, but also over many who started at first by curiosity, and held by the river, and ending of the day of righteousness. At the barracks last night, the Ensign's first and last thought was, as usual, for others.

"Dear friends," she said, "I am going away. You shall see that the Captain shall not be for anything to eat, will you not? You may think I am joking, but sometimes we get very hard up."

"I was looking forward to another summer's work among you. It is hard, oh, so hard, to leave you. I thank God I am a thorough Salvationist. If any should say I am leaving the work, you may contradict it; I am a Salvationist and I die. Some people say to me, 'I do not believe as you do,' but dear friends, it is not what you or I believe, but what God says. I beseech you turn and wash your robes white in the blood of the Lamb. It is a real warfare, but I rejoice in this fact, that you are helping in Christ. If your friends are all against you, taking this step, trust in Christ, He will give you all that you need. Oh, precious people, will you not turn to Him, Who can save and support you through everything. It seems as though I could not let you go out into the darkness of night, without some darkness yet in your souls. I pray that you may realize as I do the importance of this matter."

In some quarters there has been a good deal of misconception as to the position of Miss Galt in the Army. It was generally believed, that on account of her position in society, she was considered a Salvationist, that she was allowed privileges not accorded to the ordinary officers. This was not correct. Miss Galt was treated exactly as the others were. The man who had been in goal a hundred times, and the woman past all human hope of redemption, still to her had souls to save. Broken promises, reform were forgotten, and renewed assistance given. "How I wish the dear soul was better spiritually, as he says he is physically," was often the prayer. People who held up their hands in holy horror at the bare thought of the Army, acknowledged that the lady who was in charge, could not be other than a true Christian.

# Salvation Army Work Amongst Canadian Waifs and Strays

"Jesus said, Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me."—MATTHEW 23:12



COMRADE called in at the Editorial office one morning this week who had just crossed from Sydney, Australia, by the Canadian-Australian line of boats.

Landing at Vancouver he had come right on to Toronto, passing the Commandant on the way.

I took this brother, Secretary Pearson, to three of our social institutions to let him see what the Canadian Salvation Army wing is doing in the way of salvation, body and soul, for the millions. Our charming little Working-women's Home, with its accommodation for nearly a score of destitute, pleased him immensely. The "Lifeboat," with its hotel privileges for the out-of-work and wood-cutting plant, he thought was an excellent thing; but I believe his heart was touched most deeply by the room-full of toddlers in the Children's Shelter, on Bleeker Street. The two large houses used for this purpose, we found scrupulously clean and so homelike, while one instinctively contrasted the happy condition of these children with what might have been. What sense of suffering has the Christ-spirit in Christians prevented and relieved!

Secretary Pearson continues his trip round the world with an excellent idea of the value to the poor of our Canadian wing of the great Salvation Army.

## Sheltering the Lambs.

BY ENSIGN A. COWAN.

WE HAVE READ WITH HORROR, years ago, the record of the awful sacrifice of infant life in India, when the deluded mothers would smother down all the natural love for their babes, in the delusive belief that their goddess would be pleased if they were offered in sacrifice, and have we, as we read of the poor women who laid her little baby on the bank of the sacred Ganges, and sat down, sadly watching it sink in the soft mud, and even when she saw a huge crocodile fix

### Its Great Teeth

into the tender body, and heard its cry of anguish, would not move to drive the fierce brute away, because she was afraid of displeasing the goddess in taking or touching what she had offered to her.

People who love God, and "civilized" people, say it's awful, and missionaries are sent out to teach the poor heathen the way of salvation.

But the awful

### Sacrifice of Child-life

in our own fair country to the demon of vice, is a subject that rarely enters the mind of many, even good people.

If all the wails of poor, betrayed womanhood, and helpless, and practically fatherless babyhood, could be heard by the public, as our brave Rescue officers hear it, and if you could see the tiny forms of some we have seen, whose heritage seemed nothing but a feeble constitution, and a loveless life, who, from the hospital gates are taken to stranger's care, while the poor girl-mother goes out to meet the gaze of a cold world, and goes to support herself and her child; and then, after a few months, to see it

### Drop and Die,

you, dear reader, would feel like doing something to stop this awful sacrifice, and to help those who are trying to lessen human misery.

The one Who took pity on the six score

### Thousand Children

in wicked Nineveh, has heard the cry, as one of our beautiful Army songs expresses it:

"The wailing of human hearts ascending up to heaven,  
Is heard, and thence the Lord departs  
To deliver and bless."

And imparting His spirit of love in the Army's ranks all over the world, and to dear Mrs. Booth and her helpers in "fair Canada."

A nursery has been established in connection with the various Rescue Homes, where the poor lambs can be sheltered, and their helpless babyhood made as bright as it can be; not to encourage sin, but to help the sinned against, and where that redeeming mother-love has a chance to develop, and the little ones cared for, for a short time, until homes are opened up for them

in Christian families. But sometimes in spite of all our care, they fade and die. But, of course, we have the joy of knowing we have made

### The Little Sad Life

as comfortable as possible while it lasted.

"Oh, I would like to keep her,

to a skeleton, also has passed away since then. We have got its mother a good situation in a Christian family, where, we believe, away from the temptations of city life, she will start afresh and successfully the journey of life.

"Are you all right, dear, in your soul, before you go away?" we queried.

"Yes; I got right with the Lord this morning when I was praying," she replied. And we could not but pray as she passed out of the Home doors, and left the sad scenes of her little one's

### Painful Life

and death behind, that the memory might never leave her, but that she might be kept from the evil that is in the world.

In passing out of the warm nursery, with its six little cradles, where our two

"I want to give you her clothes and see. I want someone to have them who will be good with them; and the cot is to be kept sacredly for the use of any poor, sick, or disabled child," said her poor mother in a Rescue officer.

"I cannot bear to come across any of her things. The last time I saw her, she lay dead in that cot."

While we tried to comfort the poor, tortured mother-heart with the hope of a reunion in heaven if she lived for God, we could but feel how inadequate

### Human Words

were to comfort in a sorrow like this.

"I shall give a yearly subscription to keep the cot," was also the kind promise, and we felt as if the cot and little clothes were a solemn trust to be used for God.

We were telling a lady about the two little ones who had died, and she said, "Well, it's better;

### Nobody Wants Them."

but we felt glad there was room for them in the Kingdom of Heaven, and that we are trying to keep the twofold injunction,

"Feed My lambs, and feed My sheep," if they are the wandering ones who are out of the fold.

Praise God. Jesus said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

If any mother, who reads this, would like to help on this branch of work, write Mrs. Commandant Booth, 46 Jamestown Avenue, Toronto.

## HELP THE SHELTER.

BY LIEUTENANT J. M. WILSON.

TURN—March on, we bring it jubilee.

There are many children running everywhere,  
Lacking food to eat and clothing for to wear;  
The Army loves to help them, and tries to do its share,  
In its nice Children's Shelter.

### CRONCA.

We will, we will, we'll help the war along.

We love to see the blessed work go on;  
We will try and save them all from doing what is wrong,  
The little ones in the Shelter.

They have no loving mother to lead them up to God,  
They have no tender father to point them to the Blood;  
We must try and lead them to our Father's fold,  
The little ones in the Shelter.

We will try and save them from a life of sin,  
We will try and win them for our Heavenly King;  
He will surely hide them in the shadow of His wing,  
These poor waifs in the Shelter.

Jesus died to save them all, to save them every one,  
Jesus lives to help them, if they only to Him come;  
We must try and lead them to Him while they're young,  
His redeemed in the Shelter.

Now, dear friends, we want you all to give a helping hand,  
And help us save the children, the needy in our land;  
So come to our assistance, and help us all you can  
To save the children in the Shelter.

CHILDREN'S SHELTER,  
218 Bleeker Street, Toronto.

We are very anxious for the readers of the WAR CRY to know how we are getting on in the Children's Shelter. Nineteen is number. You family people can really understand the times we have—varied and wonderful.

When the bell for breakfast rings, there is quite a commotion for a time, every child so eager to get to their proper place. When eyes closed, they sing:

"Be prompt at our table, Lord,  
As if their meal depended upon it."



but I don't know how I can support her when I am not strong!" was the exclamation of one girl, not yet seventeen, as she looked lovingly at the little golden head lying on the pillow; but (it could not be) the white face got more like marble, the beautiful blue eyes more sunken, and the tiny fingers more cold and waxen, till "Softly the death-angel bore her away," and she lay in her white dress as pure as a snowdrop, and a few days later, was borne to the cold grave.

### "Don't Fret, Dear,

she is safe in heaven," we said, as a doubtful, wondering look stole into the mother's eyes, and the tears dropped down on its dewy face, as if she were afraid, "for Jesus said, 'In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.'"

She seemed satisfied after that.

Another little darling, who has pined ever since it was born, and wasted almost

to pause at the opposite door, which is the nursery officers' bed-room, and look at a cot which stands in the corner, while over it hangs a beautiful picture of masses of violets, with the inscription,

### "In Memoriam. Violet."

"Jesus, meek and gentle, Son of God most high,  
Fitting, loving servant, hear Thy children's cry."

There is a sad story connected with that little blue and gold cot, which solemnizes us when ever we look at it.

In it, not long ago, reposed the lovely and only child of wealthy parents; but one day, while her mother was out, in some unknown way the darling's clothes caught fire from an open grate, burnt fearfully, and when the nurse returned in lay dying, burnt fearfully, and soon passed away out of the fearful agony to leave torn hearts behind, whose wounds seem as if they never will heal.

sure you they do enjoy their porridge, and whatever the Lord sends along, and like some other little folks whom I have met, first meal not over very long, when they are wondering whatever they are going to have for dinner. They all have fine appetites, which is a good sign.

Our number at present is large, so we will tell you of a few this time. Keep believing for others later on.

## News From Social Tilters.

BY MRS. BOOTH'S RESCUE SECRETARY.



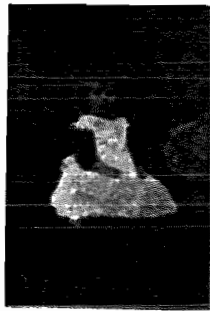
ROM the far East, to the distant shores of British Columbia, news from the Rescue War continues to be very encouraging.

Dear Ensign Fitzpatrick writes: "We have five girls in our Home, and all of them are saved. I have a great deal more love than I used to have, and feel I must lean on God. I never realized the wonderful privilege of prayer as I have since being alone (so far as officers go), but am feeling encouraged since Captain Headall arrived.

Captain Jordan, Winnipeg, says: "We are more than full up. If we can only get a larger building, the work could be done on a larger scale here. Praise God, we are keeping well wined, and not a bit discouraged."

She is also speaking of the need of more officers.

Another officer writes: "I am learning a little of what it means to be a Rescue officer. My heart is full to-night, as I have listened to the story some of the girls have been telling. One has made a confession. Came home broken-hearted from the meeting, and could not go to bed until she had told me all. She had failed many times, but started again on Sunday. She is ill, and I am afraid will die; but she says she is ready. Another was so anxious about her soul, went to soldiers' meeting; but not having a chance to get saved there, came home and got right with God. She feels she will serve God amidst every difficulty.



MAGGIE.

"A new girl I admitted into the Home, has gone to bed crying over her sins, and feeling she is too wicked for God to save her.

"This is part of my experience since Sunday, so you will know now the spiritual part of the work is progressing."

Halifax Home, in care of Ensign Hartrey, was opened on the 19th April, and has already five girls. She also writes the prospects are very encouraging for a glorious work. The need here, is perhaps greater than in any city of the Dominion. Finally, we are doing nicely, and hope soon to be clear. Pray for us." Good for Halifax.

Next week we expect to give an account of the third anniversary of the St. John Rescue Home.

One of the dear girls from there, who has been saved for about a year and a half, has written a very encouraging letter. She says:

"I—and I are soldiers. I have many dark hours, but can always praise God for the sunshine after they are over. I am not sanctified yet; yet I have made up my mind to be a true soldier, not only of the Salvation Army, but of Jesus. I think this last year has been the happiest of my life. I don't make much noise about it, still I have the glory in my soul. Our dear J—has gone home. Now, as I write, I can look out to the little grave where she is lying. She was so loving and good. I can never go in there without thinking about her."

This was one of the girls who was saved in the Home, and died triumphantly, previously referred to.

At the station the other day, in Toronto, a lady, with a small parcel, might have been seen boarding a train for the West. There seemed nothing unusual to the group of onlookers; "but thereby hangs a tale," as people so often say. A Chinaman, with almost-shaped eyes, and a long, very long

pigtail, and most oriental appearance, seemed to get the most share of being gazed at by the crowd, except by the two Salvationists, who were more interested in seeing the Rescue leave off. Often, while in the Home, we noticed her in a very quiet mood, and on questioning her, it was always the same answer: "I was thinking about my poor dead mother," while a burst of tears would finish the sentence.

Her life had been indeed a sorrowful one. Kicked by a cruel brother when she was a little child, which caused her a life-long suffering; left an orphan to the tender mercies of a cold world; made to suffer unjustly; her's was a sad, lonely life, but being brought to the Home by the "League of Mercy," she has spent some very happy hours with us, and although a saved girl, yet not delivered from temper. She gave herself up to the Lord the evening before she went away.

God has been so good in opening up homes for the girls in Christian families, and she, with others, have been sent to different places in Ontario. She is very happy in her new home, and writes cheerfully. We are praying that the brightness of the present may help her to forget the dark past.

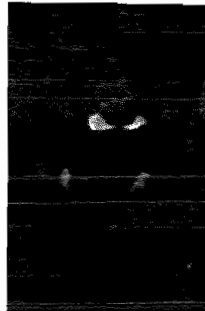
One more little glimpse into the work before we close.

"Are you ready to meet God if He called you away? Are you clear in your experience and conscious that you are forgiven, dear?" was the question put to a lady the other day, who had been seeking God, but could not seem to grasp the promises by faith.

A tremulous "No," and her anxious face led us to feel the necessity of it being settled at once.

"Go to your room, and shut the door, and settle it now with Jesus, won't you, and we will ask Him to give you the victory."

A few minutes spent in wrestling prayer,



ROSIE.

and then a timid knock at the door, and the breathless exclamation:

"I can't get it; will you pray with me?" This was the chance we had looked for, and quickly, by the side of the bed, we all knelt together in prayer, but the light did not come.

"If I said I would give you something, you would believe me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"And God, who is Truth itself, and could not lie, has said, 'Thought your sins are as red as crimson, I will make them as white as snow,' and can't you believe Him, even if you do not feel anything?" we continued.

"Yes," came at last.

"Well, tell Him so."

After singing,

"I do believe that Jesus died for me,"

and thanking Him, she took salvation by faith and entered into peace. May she be kept true.

A. D. COWAN, Rescue Secretary.

Editor W. T. Stead, in his new book on Chicago, makes the following remark respecting us:—

"The Salvation Army lives among the poorest people, works with them, gathers them together every night, and contributes a valuable element to the building up of a more and more citizenship than that which yet prevails in many precincts of Chicago."

## OUR FAMILY ALTAR.

Be holy and without blame before Him in love.—EPIHIANI I. 4.

Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.—I. CORINTHIANS XIII. 4.

Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them.—PSALMS CIX. 165.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—JOHN III. 16.

If you love, you will unconsciously fulfil the whole law. Love—it is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments. Christ's own secret of the Christian life.—DRECHMOND.

Intellectually God can never be known; He must be known by love, for if any man love God the same is known of Him.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

If our love were but more simple We would take Him at His word, And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.—FABER.

Love never contracts its circles; they widen by us fired and euro a law as those around a pebble cast into still water.—A. KEMFIS.

15 per cent. Interest!



S. S. C. C.

## Christ's Sick Officers.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

If any branch of Salvation Army work should more particularly engage our warmest sympathy and ready help, surely it is the fund established for the relief of Christ's sick and wounded officers. They are Christ's indeed! Those who are ill and afflicted can usually count upon Christian love and sympathy; how much more should this be the case with our noble Salvation Army officers, whose sickness and wounds are due to their devoted service for our King!

Will Christians, of all denominations, please remember to contribute to this fund in special? Homes of Rest are helped from it, in various parts of our Dominion, and more are imperatively needed. Many officers, after a period of well-earned repose, return to their posts strengthened anew for the war; but, of course, there are cases where Christ calls His faithful Captains and Lieutenants to promotion and glory in heaven.

Oh, comrades of our Army, and fellow-Christians of any and every church, let us do all in our power to contribute to this fund! Let Christ's sick officers have our fervent prayers, loving sympathy and substantial help "in the name of the Lord Jesus." Amen.—Hallelujah!

As a father, in a garden, stooped down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body fell upon it. So many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.—TALMAIR.



He has the words slightly mixed, he puts it:

"We're after the dollars and cents."

Too many persons interested in the little ones and their welfare, we extend a very hearty invitation to come and visit the Shelter, and see for yourselves how the little ones enjoy what they have, and perhaps you will feel led to help brighten their little lives by helping in some way.

Yours, to help the little ones,

SHELTER OFFICERS.

## A Time of Great Joy—Where?

The meeting started with a swing, and kept swinging all through, and ended with all sorts of things. A lively prayer meeting, lots of singing, unwearying faith, and TWO SOULS RUSHED TO THE MERRY SEAT.

"Oh, the shouting, oh, the praying, oh, the believing, Oh, the clashing strains did flow, Whining strains of condemnation 'Whither than the driven snow."

The captives were set free. Now it begins; the drum beats, the hands clap; the barracks hardly would hold us.

Monday, we were again on the war path. Up the street and down the street, this way and that way, preparing for the great banquet. Time rolls by, and it is almost here. Hark, and the S. C. rushes to the door.

What does he see? Why, ten or twelve Brazilian officers marching down the street two deep, with heads open, as good soldiers, walking steady miles. God bless them. All being ready for the march, another signal was given, and the Gilt brass and string band was with us, with their Captain and Lieutenant.

A few minutes later, fifty-four or five Salvationists, marching down the street. A real lively open-air war held. Now for the musical blizzard. The hallooing Galt was all there. Galt string band did good service. A host of testimonies were given; sinners were pleaded with to come to God; a blessed time was spent. We wound up with songs of joy, feeling that the three days' campaign was one of victory and success. We give to Jesus glory.—H. N., Special Correspondent.

## Carbonear.

We still are seeing souls saved. Three persons have recently made their way to the Cross.—Lieutenant FITHIAN, and Captain BROW.

## Adjutant Smeeton.

HAROLD GRACE—Adjutant Smeeton with us. NIGHT SOUGHT SALVATION.

Wednesday night (converts' meeting) was a blessed time, when TWENTY-FIVE, who had been converted during the last six weeks, met together.

At the soldiers' meeting, SIX MORE got a deeper glimpse into the fountain, making TEN PRISONERS and ONE BACKSLIDER for the week.—MIRIAM DUNN, Cadet.

# Salvation Songs.

## Dare to be a Soldier.

BY LIEUTENANT M'CAN.

TUNE—*Dare to be a Daniel.*

- 1 Dare to be a soldier,  
Fighting for your God;  
Dare to have a heart made white  
In your Redeemer's blood.

### CHORUS.

Dare to be a soldier  
In our Army brave;  
Dare to live for Jesus,  
Poor lost souls to save.

Dare to be a soldier,  
Saved from every sin;  
Dare to be a conqueror,  
Have victory within.

Dare to be a soldier,  
In the hardest fight;  
Dare to have your garments  
Spotless and white.

## Never Say Die!

BY BEN BRYAN.

TUNE—*New say die.*

- 2 We are soldiers, bravely fighting,  
And in the war delighting;  
We are marching on to war.  
With the Saviour as our Leader,  
Our courage no foe will swerve,  
We His valiant soldiers are.  
In the Saviour's might,  
We bravely fight,  
Gaining the power of sin and hell.  
Tho' the foe fight hard against us,  
They never can defeat us,  
We'll the powers of darkness quell.

### CHORUS.

Never say die, etc.

Oh! the devil may distress us,  
But God will never leave us.  
While we put our trust in Him.  
And although the foe oppress us,  
They never can defeat us,  
Jehovah's mighty power shall reign.  
We shall conquer be,  
And the King shall see,  
If we're faithful to the end.  
Yes, we shall enjoy His favor,  
And live with Him for ever,  
In that bright and happy land.

We must be strong and courageous,  
Our Saviour then will make us,  
Conquerors over every foe.  
He will never, never leave us,  
But will the victory give us,  
As we on to battle go.  
Then when fighting's done,  
And we're summoned home,  
To that land of light and love.  
We will praise Him Who redeemed us,  
Delighting in His Praises,  
Wearing robes washed in His blood.

## Long I Wandered.

BY W. A. R.

TUNE—*In the gloaming.*

- 3 Long I've wandered in the darkness  
Down the paths of sin and shame,  
Led away by evil passions  
Of this erring, earthly frame;  
Wavering 'neath a load so heavy,  
Reeling blindly to the tomb,  
Sure for me there is no rescue  
From the sinner's awful doom.

### CHORUS.

Oh, my Saviour! oh, my Saviour!  
Oh, my Saviour crucified!  
I was lost, yes, lost for ever,  
But He bowed His head and died.

I who spurned the voice of Jesus,  
Grieved His Spirit from above,  
Sorely cannot seek a refuge  
In His wondrous dying love!  
Yes, 'tis true, 'o' now I hear Him  
Calling, oh, so soft and low—  
Come to Me, 'I'll cleanse and heal you,  
Wash you white as driven snow.

Then I came, and at His bidding,  
Guilt and tear oppressed no more,  
Darkest night brought noon-day sunshine,

Peace and joy from heaven's shore.  
Oh, ye sinners, sorrow-laden,  
Rushing down to dark despair,  
Come to Jesus, He will save you,  
For He longs your load to share.

## Mrs. Booth's Very Latest Musical Gem.

Dear "War Cry."—The words and music of this little chorus I composed in an odd moment, and I pray that the singing of it may inspire some down-hearted soul. Yours for the salvation of the masses.—CORNELIE BOOTH.



## What Will Ye Dae?

BY M. L. VICTORIA.

TUNE—*Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon.*

- 4 What will ye dae when life shall end,  
And judgment opens the y're view,  
If you've no Jesus for y're friend,  
An' got His seal to tak ye thro'?  
How can a soul the judgment go  
Without first tramping on their Lord,  
For, oh! He gave His life for you,  
An' be't salvation wi' His blood.

### CHORUS.

I can, I do believe in Thee,  
All things are possible to me.

For 's the sorrows Jesus knew,  
For 's the pain, the grief, the wrong,  
Just recompense shall God demand,  
A strict account fine every man.  
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus now,  
He'll pardon a' that guilty past,  
An' gie ye grace an' strength each day  
The live for Him while life shall last.



SISTER MRS. MOYCE, Promoted to Heaven.

## TORONTO, ATTENTION!

PLEASE.

- 3 P. M., EVERY FRIDAY, IN BASEMENT  
OF TEMPLE, ALBERT STREET,  
**Holiness Meeting**  
CONDUCTED BY  
**MRS. BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.**

Every Salvation Army Soldier and Friend is earnestly invited to attend some or all these meetings.

## Central Ontario Province.

The Headquarters for the Central Ontario Province is, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets.

### NOTICE THIS CHANGE.

Post Office orders are made payable to ALFRED DE BARRITT, Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

## Order Your TRIMMED BONNET Early

To get it in time. Now is the rush. All Prices.



TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,  
Thursday, April 26, 1894.

## A GENERAL.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, in his world renowned book, "Self-Help," tells a story illustrating the enthusiasm the presence of a good leader excites in the hour of apparent defeat. Muley Moluc, a Moorish Prince, celebrated in the Spanish wars, and greatly beloved by his soldiers, had retired from the battle's front to die. The Moors, missing his magnetic presence and commanding figure, wavered in the fight, and gave way before the Spaniards on every hand. The news reached Muley Moluc dying in his tent, and gathering up the last few energies of his rapidly dissolving form he said, hoarsely, "Put me on my steed, and help me to the front."

When the Moors saw their white-bearded chieftain's form again, the word rang along the field, "Moluc is at the front, forward!" Then dashing with fresh energy at the foe they won the battle just about the time their own general breathed his last.

## OUR GENERAL.

Thank God, our General has not retired into his tent to die, neither are his troops wavering in battle; on the contrary, there is every evidence to show that the determined advance of the whole Army against the kingdom of darkness was never more whole-heartedly pushed than at present, while the illustrious example of the General is an inspiration to all. The coming of the anniversary of the General's fiftieth year of service has been made the occasion for another great forward charge of the forces in the United Kingdom.

Amongst the objects, upon which the energy of our fellow-soldiers there will be concentrated, are the enlistment of 1,000 field officers, the enrolment of 50,000 new Juniors. The opening of the Salvation Campaign in Java, Japan, and other countries, and the raising of a fund of 350,000 dollars for debt extinction and war extension purposes. Towards this point, the General himself has donated a legacy of 100,000 dollars, which has recently been left him in an entirely unconditional way, and no doubt the forces in the Old Land will bring along the balance in the victorious style usual with them. We wish our General and British comrades God-speed in their great Jubilee effort.

## CANADA, TOO.

We, in Canada, feel the impulsion of the General's noble presence at the front of the War. The Commandant, who has just returned from the North West, with his faithful A.D.C., Brigadier Holland, declares we shall have the opportunity of doing something at this Jubilee time, to practically express our gratitude to God for continuing to us such a General, and giving the world such an organization as the Salvation Army.

The Commandant will unfold to us next week, a series of new plans for Canada, that will likely make the blood of every Canadian Salvationist run hot with enthusiasm. Our Canadian Wing has been making vigorous and successful strides last year, but we are going eclipse all past results in 1894. Success to our noble Army, and especially the Canadian Wing; let every soldier continue to pray for an increased measure of blessing on all its operations, and shout hallelujah in anticipation of the coming victory.

Mrs. Booth, accompanied by Major Campbell, Staff-Captain Streeton, and Adjutant McMillan, visited our new Farm this week. Mrs. Booth considers it a MOST DELIGHTFUL SPOT.

The Russian prince—Prince Galitzin—recently visited Holland. During his stop, he was the guest of Major Schock, the father of Mrs. Herbert Booth. He has now returned to Russia, a warm admirer of the Salvation Army.

## Rapid City.

"Time's up, fall in," were the words heard at the Brandon Training Garrison, Tuesday morning, at five o'clock.

There being a musical jubilee meeting announced to be held at Rapid City, Tuesday, April 10th, led by Adjutant Magee, assisted by all the officers of the Brandon District, also the Cadets of the Garrison, on account of the roads being bad, it was impossible for some to go. But the Adjutant is not the man to be stuck. So it was arranged that we should march to Rapid City, a distance of twenty-two miles. We marched out of Brandon singing.

"We are soldiers in the Army."

Captains Smith, Imeson, and Lieutenant Davison, and Brother Bayne, our camp followers, brought up the rear in the Rapid City war chariot. Captain Cromarty being told of time-keeper. We had a prayer meeting at the end of every one and a half hour. When we had got as far as Mr. Jerik's farm, we rested for two and a half hours, and had lunch before we left his house. We had a proper prayer meeting, which resulted in the conversion of Mr. Jaurk. Hallelujah!

After marching about 100 yards from Mr. Jerik's, we heard a shout from behind us to stop. After asking what was wanted, we were made to understand that Mr. Jerik was hitching up his wagon, to drive us down the road for a short distance. During the time the team was hitching up, four or five of the



Cadets were having a prayer meeting alongside a straw stack. Now for the night's meeting. Here is an open-air outside both hotels, also outside the Masonic Hall, where there was a very match going on. We got the crowd; praise God. Our meeting was held in the open air. The enrolment followed with the usual Godspeed to soldiers.—CHROMARTY.



## EN ROUTE

— WITH —

## The Commandant

On Friday night, April 6th, amid the God bless you's of the 200 officers and soldiers who had assembled to see us off, we steamed out of the Union station to the inspiring strains of,

"Never say die,"

by the brass band. Mrs. Booth, with her ever smiling face, was on the platform waving a final adieu to the Commandant. Mrs. Holland, too, was there to see the last of the Brigadier.



The George.  
VICTORIA, B.C.

The night was beautifully fine. A myriad of stars added the moon in making our pathway so bright and safe as possible. The journey before us was a long and tedious one. No less than six days and nights were to be put in before our journey was to be broken. Killing time, however, is no part of a Salvationist's program. Armed with a couple of good typewriting machines, and an abundance of stationery, we made up our minds that the C. P. R. tourist car should be in every sense the Headquarters on wheels.

Besides the Salvation Army party, consisting of the Commandant, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, and your correspondent, about a dozen others shared the car with us. They were mostly settlers bound for the Pacific Coast, and all appeared to be very friendly disposed towards the Army.

Life on one of these journey cars is very similar to what it is on board ship; everybody is at home with everybody else, and as a rule, quite a feeling of friendship springs up between the passengers before parting at the journey's end.

On Saturday morning the passengers were sent early. The train was a novel one. The ladies on board were busy preparing breakfast, while the men for the most part, were looking out of the windows, admiring the grandeur of the scenery through which we were passing.

At 10 o'clock we reached North Bay, and joined the through west-bound train for Montreal. This is a thriving town, and ripe for the Army. We saw a lot of working men and pictured them in scarlet garb, one month after the Army has opened fire. Here, too, we saw several colonists cars filled with men looking young men from the Old Country and boys of the Western River; they arrived at Halifax or Portland, and were travelling via the Sea Line. The Commandant expressed the hope that the time was not far distant when these tillers of the soil would turn to our own North-West and locate themselves on the vast prairie there, which, possessed of all the essentials of successful agriculture, looks invitingly for men to cultivate its virgin soil and reap its abundant harvest.

A few hours later, we saw the famous nickel mines at Sudbury. At present, business is dull on account of the difficulties caused by the silver strike in the district. Here, however, is the site of a rich and prosperous town of the future. On and on we go. The miles by hundreds seem to fly beneath us. Our unwearied iron horses, snorting and straining, dash on. What a triumph of civilization! One cannot but admire the power of the steam engine.

On the third day, we reach Winnipeg. Here we lay over a couple hours.

Ensign Rawling, and several other officers are at the station to meet us. Soon we find ourselves at the Provincial Headquarters, enjoying a palatable breakfast of bacon and eggs. We are soon aboard the train again, however, and once more we head for the West.

Soon after leaving Winnipeg we come to what is perhaps the most fertile region of the Western country. The great wheat belts of Manitoba, of which we have heard and read so much, now become a reality. The sight of a sea of land, as level as a table, stretching from horizon to horizon, on every side has an amazing effect on the mind. The air seems lighter and purer, while the sun appears to grow stronger. The spirit of that old Mar-

man song takes possession of us, and we find ourselves unconsciously singing—

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,  
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,  
And the poorest may gather the fruits of the soil."

"It's a great country. Time will come when these plains will be studded with comfortable farm houses, and when the land, which now wastes peacefully, will be put to its utmost use."

We sped on through Portage la Prairie, Brandon, and other places, and reached Medicine Hat. This is a railway divisional point. We saw a number of red Indians, clad in their usual blanket, with a plentiful supply of red cloth striped across their faces in a very intricate fashion. We took advantage of the half-hour's stop, to stretch our-

muscles and look around the little town. We were here, as elsewhere, the centre of attraction. We got into conversation with one and another of the inhabitants. One jolly little man introduced us to his companion on being in great need of salvation; another tells us he is now undergoing a course of treatment in the gold cure. We longed for the chance of telling him the story of the Lion of Judah, who could break even the chain of strong drink.

During the night we entered what is known as "The Gap," and when we looked out of the windows at daylight in the morning we found ourselves surrounded on all sides by the great Rocky Mountains. What a place it is! High masses of rock having made it almost impossible for the traveller to cross them, appear to have hid distance even to the sky itself, and carried the more-capped peaks into the clouds, where they are lost to sight. As we gazed on these rough masses, and thought of the great Napoleon in the Alps, we fancy we hear an officer meekly ask his great master how they were going to cross them, and then imagine we could hear that great man of letters say, "Alas! Alas! I have shall I do no Alps." And indeed there were no Alps in the sense in which he meant it. This no longer proved an impassable barrier to his all-conquering brain. The road through the Simpson Pass will ever remain a monument to his great genius and push. Oh, for the same enthusiasm in the service of Jesus Christ.

On and on we sped. Here our attention is directed by the sound of a rushing torrent, now by the sight of a canyon, whose depths made one grow dizzy, till the lights and sounds made our eyes and ears weary, and as we took a last look at the mountains, their cold silence seems to repeat the old couplet—

"Some may come and some may go,  
But we are here for ever."

We were now nearing the Pacific. Here is Bullards' Landing, on which is situated the beautiful city of Vancouver. The trees here appear to grow almost to perfection.

The "Friday Night" at Victoria, B.C.

It has been with almost impatient eagerness that we looked forward to the visit of our Commandant; therefore when Friday night really came, although the rain was descending, it did not prevent a good crowd of soldiers turning up for the march.

At 7:30, our starting for "Campbell's Corner," where a reviewed open-air was held, led by Ensign Hiltz. She was assisted by Captain Remie and Collett. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald were also there, and the welcome volley fired for them by the soldiers seemed to greatly interest the crowd. Ensign, who has led so many open-air on that particular corner, was then standing listening for the last time. Adjutant had a few words, and off we went.

We found the barracks crowded with people of all classes and conditions, with eager, expectant faces.

The platform was full of uniformed officers and soldiers. As

The Commandant Stepped On,

accompanied by Brigadier Holland and our new district officers, a tremendous volley greeted them.

Commandant immediately made himself quite at home, and, accompanied by his kins, started on off with the old chorus—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

which was lustily sung by all present. Commandant made a few introductory remarks, and gave a couple of anecdotes, which completely brought down the house. He said that unlike the young man he had been telling us about, he was "no stranger in these parts."

After singing the chorus again, Captain Boston and Treasurer Barber led us up to the throne, and then the beautiful chorus was wafted heavenward—

"Land me, heaven, lead me, but I stray."

Commandant prayed, and called on Brigadier Holland to give out a song.

"Come, join our Army, to battle we go."

Before the second verse, the Commandant ordered the bandmen to get out their guns.

The Eighty-One-Ton Gun

was exhibited, and the big drummer warned that if he did not beat that drum in correct time, he would be put inside it. It is hardly necessary to say that there was no occasion for it to be put into practice, for our brass band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Duncan, is making splendid progress, although encumbered by many disadvantages.

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald were then introduced by the Commandant on behalf of the Victoria corps. It was easy to see that everybody welcomed them into their hearts right away.

Our leader then proposed that everybody have a good sing, and Ensign Hiltz was appealed to for a well-known chorus.

"He's the Life of the Valley"

was the one chosen, and away it went. It takes a Victoria audience to carry a chorus through, and evidently the Commandant recognized this fact, for it was not long before he was down amongst them, cooing in hand, challenging Brigadier Holland and the soldiers to beat him and his soldiers. Brigadier

Accepted the Challenge

by throwing off his coat and rolling up his sleeves preliminary to action. The platform crowd tried first, and, to do them credit, they pitched in with all their might, and considered their members, they did their part splendidly. But when the Commandant and his crowd started there was no comparison, either in numbers or the volume of sound, but they evidently gave themselves credit for gaining the victory, and were highly delighted when the Commandant said, "We did it, didn't we?"

On stepping on the platform again, he said that he did not intend to take up much of the time in speaking, but would take the position of "showman" for the rest of the evening.

The first to be called on, was Cadet Barber, who, for nearly a year, has worked in our ranks as treasurer of the corps. She has given herself for the French-Canadian work, and been accepted by the Commandant; so first in French, and then in English, she said good-bye to us. We shall miss her very much, for during the time she has worked with us.

Her Help and Sympathy

has been practical, and with her leaving, we shall lose a fighting soldier.

A new chorus was then started, with happy accompaniment:

"Tune a happy day, tune a happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sin away,  
And taught me how to pray." (Repeat.)

When it had been sung over a few times, the Commandant gave us the story of the London aristocrat, who, on arriving at New York, inquired for the aristocracy, defining them to the press as he required of, as the people who did not work, and was told that this country they were called "loafers."

This was applied to those in the building who were not singing, and the Commandant readily pointed out some of the "loafers," including the "man behind the post, who did not put in his time."

The Light Brigade, and the Heavy Dragoon, then each had their turn before the Commandant begged for the collection. He thanked the Victoria people for the magnificent effort they had put forth, and the magnificent results that had been obtained at the last week of Self-Denial, and also put before them the need of a new barracks, and collected the sympathy and assistance of those present, who were readily promised.

Ensign Hiltz was called on for a few words on the subject, before the collection was

taken up. Adjutant Archibald gave us a new song:

"All things work together for good."

He was greeted with some proper Salvation volleys.

The song, accompanied by the Commandant's concertina, went with great animation, after which, Adjutant spoke, and told us that he, with his dear wife, whom we have already heard of, had come in God's strength to help us in.

The Warfare Against Sin.

He also spoke about the barracks, and new steam launch, a project which is to be set on foot very soon, to carry salvation to the Indians and fishermen "up north," and declared his intention, with God's help, to push the war in every possible direction.

The Commandant then called on the "Mrs." Adjutant, as he called Mrs. Archibald, when he had given a little of her history.

Though the village fired for the Adjutant was almost deafening, those, when his wife stood up, were doubly so; but as they died away, a solemn hush fell over the congregation when she commenced to speak, and told her experience. The sinners were not forgotten, but were urged to settle the matter of their soul's salvation.

"While robes they wear up in glory,"

was sung, and then Ensign Hiltz stood before us for the last time—perhaps on earth. She told of the way God had led her during the year and nine months she had spent in Victoria, and pleaded with the unweary.

To Get Right With God.

"Shall we gather at the river?"

was chosen as a farewell song for all to sing, and then Brigadier Holland took hold for a few minutes, and came hot shot was poured into the hearts of sinners.

The Commandant then, Bible in hand, put the question:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

He made a direct appeal to the unweary, and pleaded with the many backsliders in the meeting to "come home." Though no visible and fervent men, we believe they will be on the great Judgment morning.

At the close of the meeting a soldiers' council was held, led by the Commandant and a nice little homely chat was indulged in. When it closed at 11:45, we all felt that we would not have missed it for anything, and praised God for allowing our leader to be with us again.

He will always be welcomed in Victoria, and our faith runs high to see both the General and

Mrs. Herbert Booth

on his next visit. Meanwhile, until that time comes, we do not intend to "hang our heads upon the willows," but with the help of God and our new officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, and Captain Macnair, we are going forward to pull down the devil's strongholds in Victoria.

—ANNE REILLY, Special Correspondent.

(To be continued.)

Comrades, Pray!

"The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much."

KINGSTON, Ont., April 24th, '94.

MY DEAR COMRADES,—Captain Coats, of Gananoque, is at the Kingston hospital, and is very low with pneumonia, in fact the doctors had no great hope for his recovery; but, thank God, he has taken a change for the better, and we trust he will be spared to us. His wife is bearing up admirably well at this trying time.

Will you ask for prayer to be offered up on his behalf? God bless you!

Yours affectionately, T. W. SCOTT,  
Provincial Secretary.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: he is not dismayed; for I am with thee; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."—ISA. xli. 10.



The George.  
VICTORIA, B.C.

# SPIRITUAL PARALYSIS;

OR,

## An Appeal to Backsliders.

PART II.

BY CAPTAIN W. J. PATHE.

How is it that there are some who have taken upon them the name of Christ, who rarely if ever witness for Him? Does the bond of iniquity keep the mouth shut, or the jaws still, crippling the tongue so that it cannot show forth His praise? If the above is not the case, as there are always exceptional cases, surely no one with a divine spark in them does regard it as an unnecessary thing to speak for Jesus, for by assured when people cease to work with God they must, of necessity, cease to live with Him, and they thus place themselves under spiritual paralysis grasping them with the desperation of a blood-thirsty, ravenous beast of prey.

Not unfrequently do we meet with others who, when surrounded by holy, heavenly influences, when religious enthusiasm runs high, and it becomes the popular thing to say something often giving neither continuance in distinction nor sound speech in the Holy Ghost articulation. If you have departed from all iniquity and every thread of timidity that would bind is snapped asunder, I trust you look upon witnessing for Christ everywhere as a very necessary means of maintaining your freedom.

For if you will allow the streaks of timidity and the voice of the people to have their way they will hold you fast to worldly conformity, and dress you in the latest fashion of spiritual paltry.

Hard to convince some people that they are sinners, for they only reckon those sinners who do something outrageous and shocking. But what is sin? My Bible tells me that "sin is any want of conformity to or transgression of the law of God." Having then the necessary light and knowledge you must conform to the whole law by keeping it, or else be reckoned as a transgressor. Just the moment you fail to conform to the whole will and law of God, when known to you—purity is forfeited by giving your consent to the law that is not good; this gives room to spiritual paralysis, which will most certainly appear, for as soon as the internal germs are watered by yielding to selfishness, the wrong springs into existence, leaving you guilty before God; but holiness gives firmness and restoration to Christ-likeness. People cannot throw off their religion while doing business to do a little cheating, and then put it on again when the transaction is gone through.

For, when you begin to do this, you have fallen from grace into the slough of spiritual paltry, as one wrong act shuts out the faithful, glowing, flaming love.

Spiritual paralysis is the loss of the breath of the internal reality, the fount into your soul by the arch-enemy through some misquipped fact, false notion, or self-conceited opinion, which terminates in wrong action.

Spiritual paralysis, it is evident, is the actual fruit of sin, which leaves with impurity the soul into which it enters, feeding selfishness and generally spreading death and decay throughout the nature. The only remedy for spiritual paralysis is to yield up to God the Holy Ghost, body, soul, and spirit. He will cleanse it; yes, take it out, root and branch, utterly abolishing all signs of either internal troubles or external indications of its existence.

Perhaps you are engaged in some unlawful business, which keeps you spiritually palsied. God never intended that His people should engage in any occupation in life that He could not heartily co-operate with, and if He cannot do this, the business must be fraudulent, which leaves those engaged in it frauds alone.

It is a horrible crime in the sight of heaven and earth to carry on business without the aid of God. Is it not also evident, when we converse with people who hold a profession, and they will talk freely upon every other topic, but when spiritual things are approached, such as salvation and purity of heart, such persons are very slow to say anything about even the possibility of obtaining a pure heart, and that, instead of professing and setting it in preference to business, they make deny such a virtue? It plainly shows that they are actually switten and are being bitten to death by spiritual paralysis. The devil's mud lies in the cup which, when stirred, fouls the water of life, and keeps the conversation earthly and unclean, instead of being celestial and pure.

(To be continued.)

### The Last, Long Look.

**HALIFAX DISTRICT.**—Farewell is the order of the day. After spending nearly one year with the Halifax blood-and-fire warriors, we received orders to farewell. We arranged to visit some of the corps in the District.

Witness was the first on the list. Captain Gamble and his aides have been made of God in this beautiful town. Many souls have been won for Him. The platform is full of soldiers and recruits. We had a banquet and enrolment here.

I paid Kentville Circle my last visit on District Office for Halifax. Captain Alward and his Lieutenants have worked well. We had a very successful banquet here, and cleared off an old debt.

We also said farewell to Dartmouth corps. We had a good crowd and a nice meeting. No. 1 and 12 gave us a united send-off. We will not soon forget that farewell banquet; we were indeed taken by surprise. We were in the midst of a grand soldiers' meeting, when, all at once we were taken and led by Sergeant Morgan, and some other brothers, and carried down to the barracks, where the tables were nicely filled with good things. We had a pleasant time together, you may be sure.

Ensign Hartney is pushing the Beacon Work ahead. The new Food and Shelter is being fixed up, and will be a grand affair.

We felt rather sad when we said good bye to our faithful comrades who fired a parting volley at the station. —THOMAS HOWELL, Staff-Captain.

### Brandon.

Captain Bailey, of Brandon, had gone to a lot of trouble in obtaining a large hall. The soldiers and friends had volunteered to provide billets, and everybody was expecting a tremendous time. The building was packed, and a good work done for eternity.

The following day we were beseeched the whole town with music and song. We cheered the inmates of the hospital. We bombarded the different newspaper offices and wound up with a BACKSLIDER CRYING FOR MERCY at night.

Curfew is the next place to reap the benefit of the musical cyclone. God bless that gentleman who placed his beautiful hall at our disposal.

The Brigadier and Captain Shea could not be present at Fortage in Prairie. I was ordered to supply. The band and soldiers went in in proper blood-and-fire style, and the result was that TWENTY-TWO SOULS knelt at the feet of Jesus. Nine for salvation, the remainder for cleansing. —T. S. MAJOR.

### Fredericton.

Meetings good. WAR CRY sold out, and ONE SOUL SAVED. Hallelujah! We rejoice in victory, for we fight to win! —L. T. WHITNEY, for Ensign MAYHEW.

### Paris.

Our Anniversary was celebrated on April 7th, 8th, and 9th. We had with us, Ensign Gale, from Woodstock; Captain Lee, from Stratford; and S. C. Beall, and Brother McMillan, from Galt. Captain Lee, with his violin, charmed the crowd.

Hallelujah breakfast, at seven a.m., was religiously held all present.

Holiness meeting was the highlight one here for some time. Captain Lee's testimony filled our souls with joy. Ensign Gale read the lessons, and gave us with an encouraging word.

At half-past seven, thirty-three blood-and-fire ade and ladies marched out. Grand open air, Captain Cockrell skips around the ring. A half-bushel box will not hold him. If you could have witnessed the night meeting, you would say we were the happiest lot of people in the Dominion.

### Auxiliary 94 Reports Interestingly.

**YARMOUTH.**—"That was a large gathering for a stormy evening," remarked a friend, returning from meeting last Monday night. No other organization has proved such a constant attraction to the people of this place, as the Salvation Army. The ordinary meetings are well attended, and the special singing, draws a crowd. Even the tiny drills draw about twenty from their snug quarters at seven a.m. An out-of-town brother sometimes walks two miles to attend the meetings at the barracks, and gets fully paid for the effort made.

On the evening referred to, someone was heard to say that there was a condensed sermon in every sentence uttered by Ensign in his appeal to the unconverted. Another said she felt the Spirit of God to be gradually leaving her. It is because, while mentally endorsing the truths heard, she is refusing to graciously accept them. Thus the light that is in her is becoming darkness. Many others who frequent the barracks so regularly as they eat their supper, are in the same condition. God help them to become to reality.

FOUR persons have recently come to the Cross, and there is to be a special effort made on behalf of the wanderers, which we hope will result in a large gathering. —AUXILIARY 94.

### Bonavista, Nfld.

Hallelujah! THREE OTHER DEAR SOULS, that proved the way of the transgressor was hard, are now fighting on the opposite side. Great things happening. Mother Brown is learning Scripture off by heart against the time she gets blind. —Lieutenant G. THOMSON.

### Victoria, B. C.

Our little Army corps is progressing favorably. Officers and soldiers are united in their efforts to win souls to the feet of Jesus. The open-air crowds are large.

Every Sunday afternoon some of our comrades go up to the goal, where a proper Salvation meeting is held. Scarcely a Sunday passes but our hearts are rejoiced to hear of some having given their hearts to God. Last week, TWO YOUNG MEN made the start for heaven. —D. O. L.

### Halifax.

Had a very nice time here Tuesday night. There was to be a general meeting, with both Corps at No. 11, and a special meeting to be held by Captain Macrae and Captain Macrae, and it was entitled, "Carrying the cross for Jesus." There was a very good turnout of both corps for the open-air march, accompanied by the brass band of No. 1, and the sisters with their tambourines, and an illuminated cross, and with many of the soldiers, crosses on their shoulders, singing.

"The cross is not greater than His grace."

The hall was filled with spectators. Ensign Lord presided at the meeting. The Ensign Lord was tried by Pilate and crucified. Many of the congregation's hearts were touched. —W. B.

### Dovercourt.

Since last report we have had ONE soul—good news—and two out for cleansing. God will give us glorious victory at Dovercourt. Ensign Frith, with a company of cadets, gave us a night, and a very large crowd witnessed the "Ten Virgins" march and meeting. God's Spirit spoke to many hearts through this meeting. —H. HUNTALIA, Captain.

### Ottawa.

ENSIGN GALT FAREWELL.

Grand farewell services, and TWO SOULS in the fountain. Band accompanying the Ensign to Union Depot, and on the train moved out, hand played:

"Home, sweet home."

—SERGEANT-MAJOR for Captain BRADY.

### St. Catharines.

St. Kitt's has had a visit from Provincial Secretary and Staff-Captain Jewer, also Captain Caruthers. The open-air, knee-drill, free-and-easy, Sunday night, and a feed of pie, cake, and coffee. Sunday night, were wonderful times. Closed at eleven p.m. with THREE SOULS for salvation, and a number stepped into liberty. On Monday, Brigadier, with the Staff, did a big day's visiting. Everyone says, "Come again, Provincial and Staff." —GEORGE L. ARKLEY, Ensign.

### A Wedding in Westville.

Since you last heard from us we have had TWO SOULS, and a grand wedding. Brother John Mercer, of Spring Hill, and Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Parsons, of Bay Roberts, were made man and wife. The ceremony was performed by the Ensign, under the Army flag in the Orange Hall, in the presence of a host of friends. God bless their united lives.

### A CONTEMPORARY STATES.

An appeal has been issued for the purpose of raising a fund of £20,000 in order to celebrate the jubilee of the Salvation Army. In connection with this jubilee, General Booth proposed to inaugurate a four-months' religious campaign in Canada and the United States next autumn, the operations to be conducted by the General in person. The General also proposes an International Salvation Army Congress in July, and expeditions to Japan, Java, and Demerara. General Booth states that he has just received a legacy from a lady of £20,000, with which sum, and the proposed £20,000, he intends to pay part of the Army's debt.

A MAN who can give up drinking and go to his daily realities, who can smother down his heart, its love or vice, and take to the hard work of his hand, who defies fate, and if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

WHAT sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. Scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile, so sweetly sent by a kind word, has been known to reclaim a poor creature and change the whole current of a human life.

### THE

## Suffering of Temptation.

I was much struck lately with what which says, "suffered, being tempted." It had never occurred to my mind before, that temptation was suffering, real, intense actual suffering, none the less real, because unseen. The most intense suffering is not physical, but either mental or spiritual; in fact, it has been doubted if there is really such a thing as physical suffering at all.

We talk, and sing, and think much of Jesus' sufferings on the Cross, of the thorns, the spikes, the spear, the scourging, the spitting, the thirst, loss of blood, faintness and death—awful enough. Yet, truly awful things were, and our hearts sympathize with Him, and love Him for their account; but I do think few of us realize the intense and awful suffering of temptation endured by Him those forty days in the wilderness, tempted of the devil.

The real nature of those "devilish suggestions," and their effect on Him and mind, will never be really understood by us, nor those hours of agony in the garden; suffering which wrung the blood from his brow, and groans from His spirit, and sweat from His body. Ah, those might have been far more severe than those on the Cross.

A murderer suffers more real pain and anguish in his mind long ere he reaches the scaffold, than when standing pined, with the rope round his neck, and the black cap over his face, listening to the mournful sound of the minister's repetition of the Lord's prayer. Oh, yes, he has felt the bitter pang of it all, days and weeks before, alone in his cell.

Such sufferings suffer more through the "breaking of the bank," than from the breaking of his leg.

Of course, we naturally sympathize with those whom we see suffering bodily. Let a comrade be arrested and imprisoned, or seriously ill, racked with pain, and dying with disease; or another suffering in a lunatic asylum, fighting alone amidst terrible odds and persecution, needing clothes, food, or money; or worst of all, seeing no soul saved, we sympathize with them; but heart suffers to heart.

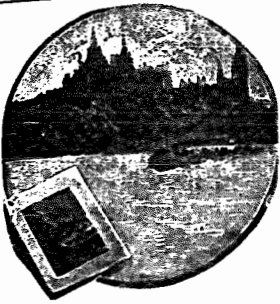
But suppose one is passing through some subtle and force temptation, known only to God and himself, with "wicked and fallen spirits" besetting him, and he is in the attack, presenting pleasure in their most alluring form to the soul; or honor, or money, or worldly ambition; or provoking and exciting the laws of the flesh, and finding and making opportunity for their gratification; exciting the imagination, injecting misgivings or mistrust of God and His love; His promises or His providence; endeavoring to weaken or poison our faith; influencing the will, weakening the purposes of the determination in these dark hours on the lonely, bloodless battlefield, waging war with the unseen, against temptation, power, rulers of the world's darkness, while heaven and hell look on, and wonder who will be the victor—the soul through faith, or the devil through persuasion—in these awful moments. I say, should the soul give way for a moment overcome, conquered, and actual sin be the result. Then, where is our sympathy? Ah, where for that soul suffering temptation. Also, but little often hardness—expressions of surprise.

We only see the outward action. So often consider the overwhelming power of the unseen, against the physical, power, rulers of the world's darkness, while heaven and hell look on, and wonder who will be the victor—the soul through faith, or the devil through persuasion—in these awful moments. I say, should the soul give way for a moment overcome, conquered, and actual sin be the result. Then, where is our sympathy? Ah, where for that soul suffering temptation. Also, but little often hardness—expressions of surprise. We only see the outward action. So often consider the overwhelming power of the unseen, against the physical, power, rulers of the world's darkness, while heaven and hell look on, and wonder who will be the victor—the soul through faith, or the devil through persuasion—in these awful moments. I say, should the soul give way for a moment overcome, conquered, and actual sin be the result. Then, where is our sympathy? Ah, where for that soul suffering temptation. Also, but little often hardness—expressions of surprise.

Ab, my comrades in the war, our temptations and tests are part of our service to Christ. And reckoned that matter I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations, which befell me. They may be the least acknowledged part of our service, but are part, nevertheless. Therefore, let us endure temptation, for blessed is the man that endureth, but let no man say, "I am tempted by God," or even think so, or his feet will soon go from under him, for how can a man endure against a tempting God, but let us stand firm in prayer, remembering, knowing God has covenanted not to allow us to be tempted more than we are able to bear, but will, with the temptation, make also the way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

EMERSON J. WATSON.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.



## OTTAWA.

If love could make one eloquent about a matter, this should prove a very interesting contribution; as certainly my heart and affections are left behind to a great extent in the town, where it has been my good fortune to spend the better part of the past year.

and the view from the tower beautiful. Had several times to go and see some of the members or ministers on business. One day, whilst waiting, went into the gallery of the House of Commons, where a debate or something of the sort was going on, the old usher (evidently a friend of the Army) was quite anxious to put me into a front seat—honour and all—which, however, I politely declined.

Indeed, I cannot say enough in appreciation of the kindness of all grades of society. Through the sheriff, permission was given to visit the jail, and we had such a blessed time one afternoon, singing and talking with the poor lads and ladies. The Chief of Police, Mr. McVeity, could not possibly have been kinder to us than he was, and used very often to come to the meetings. Then I would so much like to thank the press for the way in which they helped us when opportunity afforded.

And now about the corps. It would be difficult to find many better between the Atlantic and Pacific; at least, we thought so; but then, you know, every crowd is apt to think its own the blackest.

We didn't possess exactly a League of Mercy, but had a Sergeant appointed for hospital visitation, and distribution of WAR CRYS in the different wards, and the papers were eagerly sought after.

towards the Chaudiere Falls, a glimpse of which you see on another page.

It is only a little over one short week since I looked in the faces and clasped the hands of some of my loved comrades, perhaps for the last time till we meet at home; but I do not think that some of the scenes and the many victories of the past year will ever be effaced from my mind and memory, either here or hereafter.

It was hard to say good-bye, but then, Salvationists are always having hard things to do. "It's all in the war," you see; but I pray God's blessing may rest upon the people, and that the victories to come will far outweigh those of the past.

ETHEL GALT.

## JUST THE THING FOR ME! THE S. S. C. C.

### Quebec, P. Q.

Glory be to Jesus! Since last report the shout of victory has gone up from our midst. Meetings getting better; order good. Wednesday night, we met for soldiers' meeting; we were only a few, yet God was with us; we claimed the promise of God as ours. Thursday night, we went to meeting in faith. God came and answered our prayers by saving TWO SOULS; one a man who had been a backslider for eighteen long years, the other a young man, who had never been converted. Soldiers crying for joy. First saved for over a year. We are living for Jesus. Our hearts are in heaven with our Master's, and we believe that real victory shall be ours. Yours in the war.—Captain HELLMAN.

P.S.—Please forgive me for not ending the post card before; my next report for nearly three years, but will try and do better in the future.

[It is doubtful if WAR CRY readers will forgive you, Captain, for so long neglecting them.—Ed.]

## What Shall I Do With My Report?

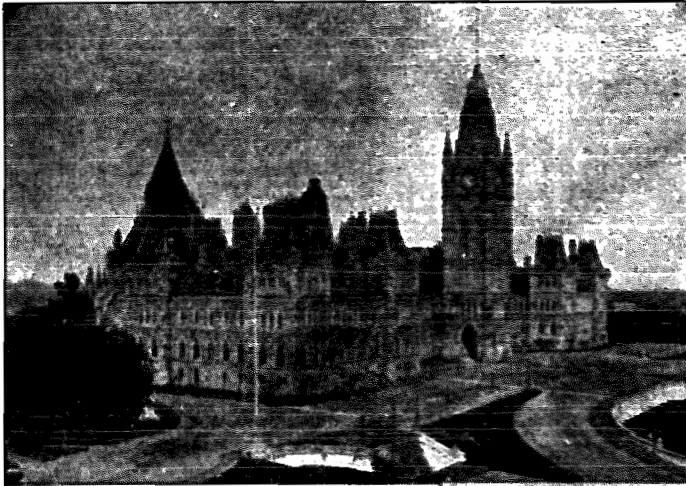
[Reprinted from an antique WAR CRY, published in Toronto, April 10th, 1886. The War Correspondent who is responsible for these lines, evidently knew how to hit the nail on the head; certainly, for an ordinary corps report, the only news needed, is the stark-naked facts of the War.—Ed.]

My first advice, nor is the counsel vain, is that you kindly look at it again. My second this—Before you go to mail it. Take up your pen and very much curtail it. My third—that having seen it duly dated. You try again, and then abbreviate it. This being done, I further would exhort that you resume your work, and cut it short. If much there still be left, 'twill much enhance it. Should you again take courage and condense it. Mark how it mends! Now, in perfection dress it; Take heed once more, and very much compress it. This done, you'll find it's clearness no way dimmed. If it be further shortened, chopped and trimmed; Abridge the whole, boil down, epitomize, And at this stage 'twill be a proper size. Now, to crown all, before the WAR CRY sees it, My last and best advice is, comrade, squeeze it. We never are pointed, as everyone knows, But this applies to Captains and Specials, as well as I.O.'s.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

## Multum in Parvo.

The latest English Cry produces 104 corps reports, a portrait of Staff-Captain Jolliffe, a Special Great City Campaign report, and a three-inch long contribution on applying for the work, all on one page. Truly, this is good measure, pressed down and running over.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—Main Block.

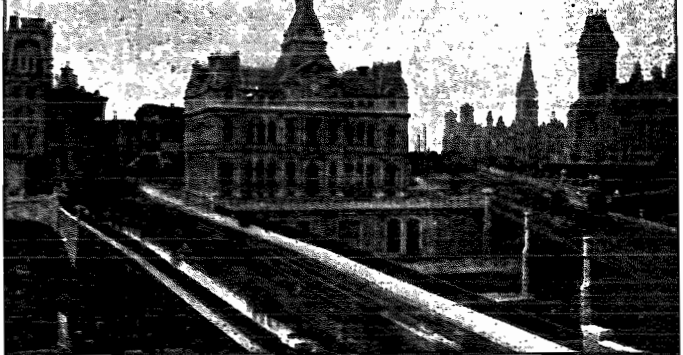
'Tis hard to know where to begin, and possibly, where to leave off. The very picture of the post office, with the dear old clock (which had a way of pointing toward eight o'clock long before we wanted it to), and the square in front, will always touch a chord in my heart. What blessed, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten times we had there to be sure! And the crowds that used to gather! Why, sometimes we would—my little Captain and I—be almost shouting "Glory" for very joy, as we thought of our wonderful privileges.

Whilst I write, memory flashes back to one summer's evening, when a poor, weary wanderer, a man sunken deep in sin, knelt at the drumhead to seek for pardon. How we prayed with him, kneeling beside him there for nearly an hour. He has had victories in many ways since that night. Hal-lalujah!

The Parliament Buildings, one wing of which you see, are exceedingly handsome,

Our barracks is very large, and quite a handsome building. I wish I had a photo of it for insertion; but then a photo couldn't possibly do it justice, as it has just been repainted inside, and must be seen to be appreciated.

The scenery round about Ottawa is very beautiful, both out in the direction of Government House, and "Rockcliffe Park" (where Mr. and Mrs. Keefer live, who every officer has reason to remember for their many kindnesses), and also out



POST OFFICE SQUARE.

(Where open-airs are now held.)

[Photos kindly presented by S. J. Jarvis, Photographer.]

## From Cherith's Brook.

Now whilst away from the whirl and rush of the battle's front for a season, having, as it were, breathing space to stand and look, instead of being actively engaged in the fight, how glorious our warfare seems! Ah, we do not one quarter value our privileges as being co-workers together with Him. "Who loved us and gave Himself for us."

But then the cross is heavy, the sorrows great, the privations many, to those who follow Him wholly," somebody says. This may be so, but in all earnestness and sincerity, I say that to one who has tasted of His love and the joy of service, the heaviest cross, the greatest sacrifice, the deepest privation, is in inactivity. And yet to many of us comes a time when we, as Elijah, must sit day by day beside our brook cherith, learning lessons which we could never learn unless alone with our Lord, and gaining fresh strength and courage to encounter our spiritual Abahs, and

to conquer sin, and bring down the fire of the Holy Ghost upon the people.

My own call to work for Jesus was very definite. How many, many times have I been thankful that I tarried (not in laziness, nor inertia, but in prayer) before my Lord, until He said, "Go!"

There is such a sense of security when His voice has hidden us forth to the conflict, though the difficulties may be seemingly insurmountable, and our courage and capabilities so small, yet with the command comes the power to obey.

Brought up in the Church of England, possessed of a sensitive, shrinking nature, at times painfully shy, and with, moreover, a strong antipathy to woman ever going beyond the sphere of home, visiting the poor and society, I seemed, humanly speaking, an unlikely sort of character to develop into a red-hot Salvationist. Truly, His ways are marvellous and past finding out.

I didn't become one all at once, however, it took months and months of moulding to fit me for service; the refining process had to be gone through, which meant plenty of

time in the furnace, and several walks through the valley of humiliation.

In the Army I received that wonderful blessing—that priceless treasure—a clean heart.

The path after this was sometimes far from smooth—my unconventional ways mildly grated upon my loved ones, they did not, could not, understand.

Dress, too, was a bone of contention. "What virtue was there in making oneself unpleasantly conspicuous?" "Why not dress as ordinary mortals?" "What did the style of one's clothes signify to God?"

It is sometimes so hard not to yield in apparently trifling matters, but once begin compromising in the little things and you very soon find yourself doing so in the big ones; and after all to disobey in anything is a grievous sin, and means loss of purity, light and power.

Step by step Jesus led me. The crooked places were made straight, the rough places plain, and at last the call came—came unmistakably—for has He not said, "My sheep know My voice!" It was not hard to

obey. He had my heart and it was an easy thing to give Him my life as well.

Have I ever regretted obeying Him, do you ask? Am I disappointed in Jesus, or in my work? No, no, never! I love Him more devotedly, and the work? It is my life, dearer than any earthly joy could possibly be.

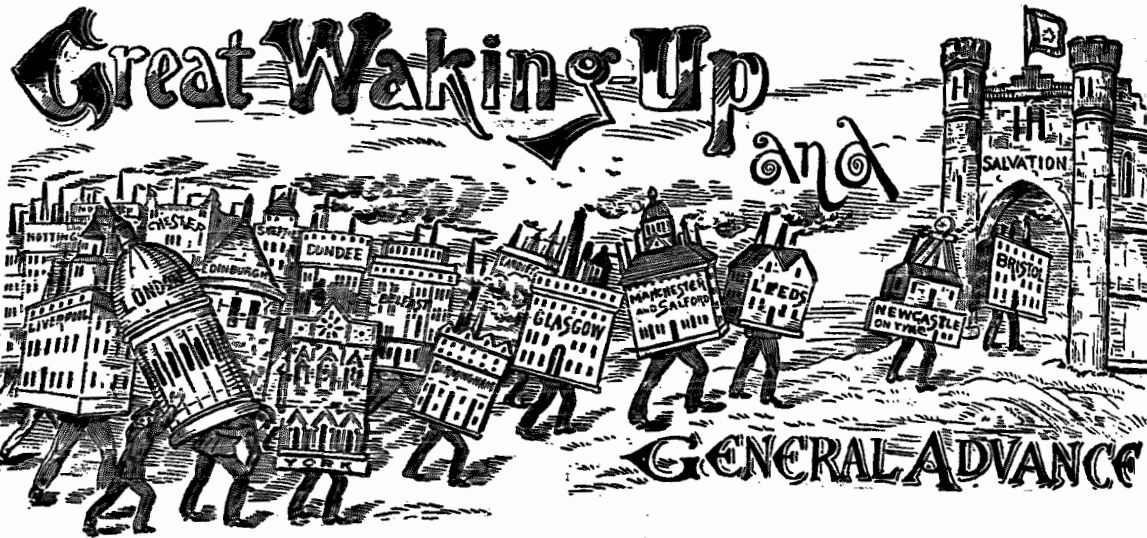
You, who are standing shivering upon the brink of a glorious life of power and victory—who have within your very grasp opportunities that the angels would rejoice in possessing—don't be afraid to venture out on God's promise. His everlasting arms will be around you, His voice even now is whispering in accents of love, "Thy I, be not afraid." Trust Him, obey Him, and you will find "His ways are ways of pleasantness and all His paths are peace."

ETHEL GALT.

## — INVEST —

THE S. S. C. C.





GIST OF THE WORLD'S CRYS.

An air of jubilee runs throughout the English Cry. The frontispiece gives a representation of the Queen's Hall, Regent St., where, on April 9th and 10th, for the first time on record, the blast of the Army trumpet re-echoed through that magnificent hall, inaugurating the first of the series of the General's Jubilee Rejoicings.

Victorious accounts of the General's trip to Wales, when 200 knelt at the penitential form and cried for mercy.

From the "World's End Rain," is the

way and some another. One little company consisted of two Salvation Army converts of a month's standing, one Salvation Army soldier, a Plymouth brother, and the ring-leader of the unwarred lads.

"These four brothers could not miss this splendid opportunity for a desperate fight for the salvation of the one lost sheep, so they prayed and pleaded with him until he too cried for mercy."

Instant in season and out of season.

The details and victories of the great SUMMER CAMPAIGN occupy a large portion of the Cry. The Chief Secretary, in writing of it, says:

"The encampment is over, and we are home

owned by God in the salvation of many souls.

In the Melbourne Cry, we find the following good story:

**AUSTRALIA.**

"A man came to the officers' quarters undecided as to whether he should commit suicide or join the Army. 'To be or not to be, that was the question,' and the Army

Take up the torch, and wave it wide—  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom."

"Candidates' Attention!" is the title of a leading article, which strongly pleads for men and women who are willing to lose even life itself in order to become saviours of men.

The New York Cry contains the story of a typical Western officer, Captain Joe Hawk—a hawk whose talons are consecrated, as the first page tersely expresses it.



tempting title of the graphically-told life-story of Captain Dick Adby.

A railroad interview with the Chief of Staff, bristling with interesting items, contains the following answer to the oft-raised question, Why do you have all-night meetings?

"The blinding hurry of the present day is peculiarly opposed to deep, permanent, spiritual work. An All-night gives you six or seven hours, and with ordinary care no single soul ought to escape the most heart-searching examination before God, and the most deliberate presentation of his responsibilities for the souls of others. Then, of course, you get a great many people who cannot attend week-day meetings because of their employment. As a rule, the class of people who come are those who are determined upon the improvement of their spiritual life and personal relations to God. If a man will give up his night's rest in order to renew his spiritual condition and wait on God, he is precisely in that state of soul in which he is likely to get new light and fresh motive power. All-nights of prayer are big occasions for securing great and abiding blessings."

"The officers and a company of midlars belonging to Sandown (I.O.W.) corps had attended a meeting four miles away. They were accompanied by some unwarred lads. Officers, soldiers, and unwarred lads tramped home together, till they came to a place where four roads meet. Here twenty-two of them held an open-air. After this some went one

again, and everyone is feeling tired a bit. Yet, we shall never, never forget the Camp, and its enjoyments, and blessings. Truly, the advertisement of "Twelve Days of Heaven on Earth" was completely verified. All glory to God! We had as complete and blessed answers to prayer as we could possibly look for.

"We desired to put up a standard, as this was the first Camp. It was a model, and no mistake. Some folks objected, when the program was issued, that we had too many meetings; but experience proved that the four meetings each day were more than enough to make the impression required, and, moreover, it helped considerably in keeping the whole thing before our mind. The various meetings were well officered, and the results were very pleasing. About forty sought salvation, and some fifty definitely sought the blessing of entire sanctification. Besides this, numbers converted themselves to God and the war. This was what we aimed at, and we thank God for the absence of worldliness and mere sentiment."

"Again, there was an absence of grumbling. The whole place was filled with the power of God, and everybody who came felt that it was not an ordinary affair, but that there was something special about it. How could it be otherwise, with so much prayer, and faith, and hanging on to God?"

Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle's welcome meetings are fully reported. A three days' campaign in Launceston, Tasmania, was



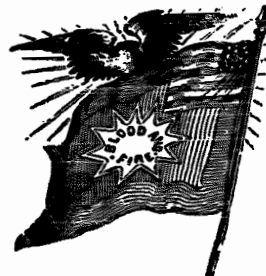
folks helped to decision. He had been staying at a pub, so next day, when the publicans wanted him to have a glass, he refused, and the spider was nettled accordingly. A few days after, the old swill-seller tried him with another glass, but he gave him plainly to understand he was off it for good, and this so nettled the publican, that he pitched a glass of whiskey over him, saying if he wouldn't have it inside, he would have to take it outside. This had no further effect than to wet his clothes."



The current issue of the California Cry, is decidedly a Candidates' paper.

The frontispiece speaks loudly to every man and woman at ease in Zion:

"Men die in darkness at your side, Without a hope to cheer the tomb;



Staff-Captain B. B. Cox gives an interesting account of her trip through Texas, and furnishes the readers of the Cry with a picture of the officer's shanty. We trust that it possesses in quality what it lacks in quantity.

A Swedish corner is another novel feature.



The enthusiastic meeting led by the Commander and Mrs. Booth, in the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., on behalf of our Scandinavian comrades, is minutely described.

EXCHANGE.

Box 1024, GUNNELL, IOWA.

EDITOR OF "WAR CRY,"—I would like to exchange one of our United States' War Cry for one of the Canadian weeklies. If any officer or soldier will exchange with me it should be pleased to hear from them, and in return will send them one of ours.

CAPTAIN WALKER BONE,  
Gunnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

[A good plan. Will some reader kindly communicate direct with Captain Bone.—Ed.]





## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"One of the strongest points about the Colonel is personal dealing with those within his influence. I have seen him more than once, when walking along the streets of a city, meet with some backslider when he had known him, and then turn aside and God, bawl him up, deal with him about his sin in the straightest possible fashion, and take him of the ransome with a firm hand, and pin him against the wall, and then take off of him his praying clothes, and then tell him, though it is in the most crowded thoroughfare, he would pray something in this style—  
 "O Lord, do you know how this fellow used to serve you years ago—how he used to come to the altar, and kneel under the colours until he died? How could he have been so wicked to poison a dozen men. Have mercy on him and save him from going to hell! And then

**Ligar Street.**  
**HOLLANDS MEETING.** **THREE OUT** for the  
*blessing of a river*  
*Acet, which they got*  
**HAVE** *Captain May had*  
*meeting info, and*  
**YOU** *kept things moving.*  
*In the evening meeting,*  
**A** *Mrs. DOROTHY HOLLAND*  
*was with us, and*  
**CLEAN** *earnestly pleaded with*  
*the people to seek sal-*  
**HEART?** *vation. TWO DID*  
*KNEEL at the*  
*present time, and sought*

**MERCY.—Cadet NORMAN.**

70 OR OVER.	
Captain Miller, Fort Arthur.....	73
50 OR OVER.	
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock.....	50
40 OR OVER.	
Ensign Moore, Windsor.....	47
Lieut. Hill, Brockville.....	41
30 OR OVER.	
Ben Bryan, Woodstock.....	38
Mrs. Bonall.....	37
Capt. Markle, Perry Sound.....	34
Capt. Rutledge, Galt.....	33
20 OR OVER.	
Lieut. Mitchell, Amherstburg.....	27
Lieut. Meulton, Galt.....	26
Sergt. Galt, Petrolia.....	25
Sergt. Mrs. Medlocks, Ligar St.....	23
Ensign Creighton.....	22
Sergt. Howlett, Petrolia.....	21
Capt. Bowring.....	20

## To the Distressed.

Northward citizens please note. — Eddie Fred Webster left home last November. Last heard of in New Westminster. 16 years old, dark brown hair, brown eyes. His father is sick, and is anxious for his return.

Boys and girls, don't be like that man improve every rich opportunity. Be sure to get saved from your sins, and gain a home in heaven. Don't put the matter off a minute, for you might miss the chance; and then, like this man, you would have to say, "Oh, what a fool am I! I have lost a heaven! And I have got nothing in return."

It is a very common mistake to assume that the Higher Criticism implies definite results, which all modern students of the Hebrew Bible who use the scientific methods of study, accept as true. This is an erroneous notion. Among the Biblical scholars who are critically studying the questions about the authorship and dates of the books of the Bible, there is as much diversity of opinion as there is among theologians about the doctrines of the Bible. As we would not prohibit theologians from studying to find out what the Bible teaches, because of their different conclusions, neither would we prevent or condemn the critical study of the Scriptures, because of the differences of the critics. Remember this also: Everything that claims to be the result of scientific criticism is not "pure gospel."

Will all WAR CRY readers, Salvationists especially, pray for me that the Lord may open up the way for me to go to the front of the battle again, and that quickly?

The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient and untiring in the pursuit of calling you are following. The busy comes now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Keeping doing, whether it be at work or seeking recreation. Motion is life and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing. An old philosopher says: "The fire-fly only shines when on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken."

During the past week **THREE PRECIOUS SOULS** sought and found the Saviour. One of them, being a wanderer from God, said in his testimony that he used to go to work without having prayer, but now he can double up his knees and say, "God keep me true this day." We also had a visit from Captain Brooks, which was enjoyed most heartily. Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and beat on having victory. — Lieutenant F. MOULTON.



Thursday night, we had a musical meeting. On Friday, we take our WAR CRYS and start out for Scarborough, about nine or ten miles out of the city. About half way, we thought we would feed our souls, and so we got down on our knees on the railway track and prayed that God would bless the CRYS to someone. We started off again, and sold fifteen.

At night, we farewelled Sister McDonald, who goes to the Training Home. God bless her. We closed the day with ONE SOUL in the fountain. Glory to God.

Our soldiers are more than ever determined to make the devil hum.—Cadet S. REDBURN for Captain and Mrs. ANDRUS.

# Personalia.

Major Cassin, U.S.A., rode 2,500 miles in eight days.

On Tuesday, April 10th, the General celebrated his 65th birthday.

Adjutant and Mrs. Alexander, Jamaica, are returning to England.

Colonel Bailey will be present at the great International Congress, London.

Colonel Lagercrantz still continues to improve. Comrades, pray for him.

Colonel Rubani (Lucy Booth), is expected in England in a little over a month.

Field Commissioner Kva Booth has been confined to her room a few days with nervous exhaustion.

Major Marston succeeds Colonel Edlie, for the time being, in the command of the Liverpool Province.

Adjutant Marshall has just concluded a very successful trip in Ohio; in ten days she enrolled 133 Auxiliaries.

Colonel Edlie has arrived safe and sound in New York. Illness prevented his family from accompanying him.

The Chief of the Staff has held an All-night of Prayer at Hastings, at which 20 persons sought full cleansing.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Tucker is rapidly recovering good health, and is arranging to send a campaign on the Continent early in May.

During the six months' stay of Major Frank Burrill in the Reading Division (H. 616 persons were recorded as seeking salvation.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is, we regret to learn, suffering from throat trouble, and has been compelled to cancel some of her engagements.

H. R. H. Princess Sophie, sister of the late King of Holland, has just sent another donation towards our Social Work funds in Holland.

15,000 dollars is the total outlay in connection with erection of Stockport's new barracks, stewarding of which was conducted by Commissioner Higgins lately.

Staff-Captain Hendy, and Adjutant Easton, have both been warmly indisposed. The latter has not been able to work for five months owing to heart disease.

Several brothels and public-houses have been shut up, a procuree converted, and a corps of over one hundred soldiers and recruits formed in the midst of brothelism in a town in Holland.

At the opening of the Jubilee Campaign, there were indescribable acts of Divine power in the new Queen's Hall. Salvation at every turn, unprecedented cures; the General's inspiring addresses; touching cases; personal incidents; and a first day's result—222 seekers!

## Musical Troupe on the Wing.

From Runcorn we went to Staying, a small town with a small corps and a hall. On Sunday night there was such a pack-out, we took the seats of the platform and put them in the aisle, and still people were standing; then we acted on children to sit along the front of the platform, and even now we had not seats for all.

Monday night, a lovely time; hall full; splendid attention; many kind invitations to come back, etc. God bless Staying and its soldiers.

Monday night, we went to Collierywood; Ensign McAmmond at the depot met us. These nights we were privileged to be here, and the meetings increased in interest and power from the first. The hall was nicely filled the two first nights, and on the last night the crowd was immense. God came to our help, and we failed at eleven with FOUR SOULS AT THE FEET OF OUR SAVIOUR. Ensign McAmmond got into the glory, so did the Captain; in fact, we all did. Rev. Mr. Holden and wife (colored) were on the platform, and sang some real old plantation songs. Some people said they would not have missed this for twenty-five cents.

Next morning we visited a sick sister; found her rejoicing in her Saviour, Whose

grace she found mighty to keep even in sickness.

In the afternoon paid another sick person a visit, taking our harp with us, and singing a few choruses to cheer her loneliness, and we felt that God was indeed in that room, and as she took our hand at parting and expressed her thankfulness, we were more than repaid. Then we climbed on to Brother Henderson's rig, and were seen on our way up the mountain. After walking up hills and various other experiences, we landed at Mother Richmond's nice little country home safe and happy.—Miss. ELEANOR PHILLIPS.

## A Musical Night at Liger Street.

MUSIC both its charms, effects and power, upon the high and low, from the lady in her drawing room to the fisherman in his boat, of playfulness in the field; and how musical and sweet are its strains to the sad and disconsolate, the sick and bereaved; and how magical at a wavering moment on the field of battle, not only in the battle of bloodshed, but in the battle against the devil and sin, where, praise God, many a man engaged to-day. We have indeed learned to appreciate its worth.

Well, on Thursday night we had a similar meeting at Liger Street as at the Temple the previous week, to help the Ensign a little towards paying her gas bill. The soldiers turned up well at open-air, as also did the collected singers from their corps and Headquarters.

The Brigadier was in his usual style, doing his best to keep out of ruts. After Captain Roche had sung a French chorus, he asked all round what was about to take place: "in one voice they shouted, "Musical Night."

"Why, Liger Street."

Two Captain Adams jumped in and told us all where Liger Street was situated.

This was by way of announcing the meeting.

A feeling of brotherhood and liberty was soon experienced as we took our places inside and looked on the good congregation.

After prayer that God would use the songs of the night to the salvation of souls, Captain Morris, with his beautiful harp, sang a solo, and tried to teach us the chorus. Then came David Duff, the transverse of the Temple, accompanied by his bass, and costumed in his testimony, told the people how often he used to play them and sing with his face blackened when he was serving the devil, to amuse the people, but he expressed his gratefulness to God and the joy now realized in serving the Lord.

Very soon we had to then to hear the ejaculatory interruptions of the Brigadier. What were they? Why, "You must all sing in G, so that I may join in."

Then came the

Three Hebrew boys, who in God and faith, refuse at the sound of the cornet and flute. To smother an invasion by the music; That was a religion that did not quit.

Three Hebrew boys. Sung by the Brigadier, Captain Attwell, and Captain Morris, the two latter, while singing, would turn now and then with smiling and knowing looks to the Brigadier, and from them we concluded that their thoughts were "we've not much chance with your stentorian voice" however, they got through grandly and satisfactorily. Then followed Captain Adams with,

"Yes, He gives us peace and pardon."

Captain Griffiths,

"I bring my all to Jesus"

and Mrs. de Burritt sang an old one she used to sing in her first station, eleven years ago.

But I must not forget to mention how very beautiful was the selection played by Staff-Captain Fry, and how black to our ears were the voices he sang, with the chorus,

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here."

Truly our hearts responded to it, with the realization that Jesus was near.

The Brigadier read, and urged the people to seek Jesus, and read into the prayer meeting. After Mrs. Captain Savage had sung, very sweetly and pathetically, some verses about a maiden and her mother, with chorus,

"After the war is over, after the fighting's done, After the fire is quenched, after the victory's won, Beyond the river, where the angels dwell, Set in your crown by the Saviour, after the war."

EX-ENTADORA.

## Another League of Mercy.

HALIFAX I.—On Tuesday night, a united prayer meeting, led by Captain Alexander McLean, of No. 11. corps, and on Thursday night, a groovy collection. Meeting in aid of the Rescue Home. Ensign Hartley conducted the two services, and sang songs of Mercy. ONE SOUL BOUGHT GOD in this meeting.

Good meetings on Sunday; sinners under deep conviction, but some would yield.—Sergeant Major CARRON.

## A Bad Look Out For Satan.

MONTREAL I. is still forging ahead in spite of the check we have had on account of Ensign's sickness. Captain Fox has lost no valuable help. NINE SINNERS for one Sunday, and THREE on Saturday, making thirty look black for the devil, and all believing for a Captain shortly.—ONE OF THE ATTACKING PARTY.

## Ensign Blackburn's Trip.

OH, THAT POULTICING!

Sinners Cry for Mercy.

GOING FOR 100 BACKSLIDERS.

At PARBRONDO, had good crowd, and a tough fight for souls. Ensign Oughton with us. These who stayed to prayer meeting, will not soon forget his earnest appeal.

At PICTON, my old station, pleased to see old faces. Had nice time. Some old friends helped with donations. God bless them.

At WENTVILLE, there are a good lot of soldiers; real old-timers.

At STELLATON, had proper time. Found things are booming.

At NEW GARDNOV, another old corps of mine, we spent the week-end. Heard the CRY FROM THE HEARTS OF SINNERS FOR DELIVERANCE.

To TROB I travelled alone, the Lieutenant having to stop to do some poulticing for a few days. We rejoiced over ONE BIG MAN, OVER SIX FEET, FALLING ON HIS KNEES, and crying for salvation. Our God saved him.

Next place, WYNDON. This corps is looking well; PLATFORM FULL OF SOLDIERS.

Next, at KENVILLE. The sinners rushed out, as it was getting too hot for them.

Next, BRIDGETOWN. Nice crowd, good meeting.

In speaking about money, one officer said, "You will get most in YARMOUTH." This I had to prove, and did, in spite of counter-attractions. We had a big crowd, and a proper meeting.

Sunday, good meetings; collections over \$50, and the best of all, EIGHT SOULS. "Shure" comes this is a proper place. Ensign Gage did his best for me.

Monday, I gave them my prison experience, and told them that Jesus could set the prisoner free.

Last night, this side the bay at DIBBY. I thank all officers, soldiers, and friends, for their kindness to me.

I am just off across the Bay of Fundy to St. John, to help in the battle for 100 backsliders during the special meetings. The Brigadier is going in for prayer; and faith will bring them. S. BLACKBURN, Esq.

[Hope Lieutenant is well again, now.—Ed.]

\*\*\*\*\*  
★ The Best Scheme Out! ★  
\*\*\*\*\* THE \*\*\*\*\*  
★ S.S.C.C. ★  
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## SPRINGHILL DISTRICT.

Acadia Mines Banquet, Etc.

SMILERS SMILE.

In company with Sister Cameron (ex-Captain Ashford) I have again visited the Acadia Mines corps, this time for a banquet. Brothers Jim Miller and John Wilson, of Spring Hill, and Blair, and others of Truro, had, by special request, spent the week-end here. They succeeded in so arousing things that when we arrived on the Monday evening, everybody was in good spirits and full of the brightest anticipation for a successful time, and so it turned out to be.

At march time the officers and soldiers were so busy attending to the hungry banqueters that we visiting brethren had to make up the march alone, and even when we returned we found them still so busy that the meeting had to be started with the few that could be spared from the tables. However, the proceeds, with one or two exceptions, were "all there," with heart, voice, hands and feet, went in for a glorious time.

Sister Cameron soloed, accompanying herself on the autoharp, and congratulated her Lord upon this opportunity of battling for the remission of souls called forth of old days spent with these dear friends and comrades, using them all as stepping-stones to help these comrades on in the light, or to encourage others to come to the cross of Jesus. We wonder she received so warm a welcome, and that these old soldiers would persist in calling her Captain still.

"Our English brother" found that his vocal powers had been somewhat injured by special efforts to help his Captain on the previous Sunday, while his comrades were away spelling at the Mines. Nevertheless

his song went well, and his testimony better, as he told how only a few weeks previous he was known in Truro as a "sport" by his steady walk down his streets, how he had come into the Army meeting to criticize, ridicule, and disturb, how the singing of a chorus took hold of him in one of the "hall of God," go through him, and he was free from his sin, how for a time his old acquaintances came to cheer him, and how he had now gained the victory, and they spotted and acknowledged him, and they gave to Jesus.

Brother Jim also had his fling, and had a real spirited testimony meeting, his jumping his shouting, his smiles, and a long way to make things cheerful. He sang a very little solo, and ended with some straight truths, earnest entreaties to the unconverted. He then asked the living is mortal. Sorry to say it is leaving us for a time, as he goes to visit to some friends, and then both Springfield and Acadia lose his good services.

We all say, God bless you, Jim. The D. O. felt much as he used to feel when in his younger days he found himself on the way to a picnic, and said so. And why not, seeing he now finds himself on the way to the great crowd of a few days. God did this good thing, and sent a letter, and shed a tear on this journey, unless it is to those who are left behind in their sins.

In the prayer meeting one man stood up and confessed that the meeting had been a means of great blessing to him and a friend. Another also expressed himself likewise, giving the Lord's goodness and a long time to be prayed for. But we found him as said up in his old notions of living continually in sin, while still professing to be a Christian, that we could do nothing further than give him a pointer or two.

We closed without anyone coming right out. The sale of cakes, after the meeting, went splendid, and when the total receipts were announced to exceed \$30.

The officers smiled, the soldiers smiled, we all smiled, and left Acadia Mines thanking God for the good and successful time spent together.

Yours in the war,  
D. L. CROUGHTON, Ensign.

## THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Nigeria Falls is not such a hard day after all. Captain WISEMAN has been passing away for God and souls.

Ensign ARKLEY, Captain CARBURN, and myself, had a very pleasant trip last Thursday. Quite a nice crowd turned out.

Captain Carruthers kept the testimony meeting sharp and to the point. The Staff-Captain read the lesson, urging every one present to make their peace with God before it was forever too late.

Now, my comrades, rise up to your opportunity, and do something for God in the open-air this summer.

As you will have wonderful chances to work for God amongst the many masses of pleasure.

What a beautiful little town is Walsall. We had a good march and open-air Friday night.

A beautiful crowd inside, every seat full, and two ministers on the platform.

After the opening song, Ensign Ashford led the testimony meeting.

Both ministers testified to the power of God to save and keep from all sin. Quite a number of Christian friends had also a word of testimony.

Captain Timney, and Lieutenant Young, are holding the fort.

May God bless you, my dear comrades, and give you many souls.

J. H. JEWELL, Staff-Captain.

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

Signs of Progress—Farewells Yesterday—Coming Gatherings.

(Winnipeg Free Press, April 25, 1904)

The Salvation Army meetings yesterday were very largely attended. Last night there was a beautiful crowd that over-estimated the new barracks. The partitions between the two assembly rooms had to be pulled down, making one large hall, which was packed full. Even after the first meeting was over, and many had retired, though according to the strict rules no others were allowed to enter, hundreds of people still came in at eleven o'clock at night. The exercises were of the ordinary character, except that three officers who are going to other fields, gave their farewell addresses. These were Captain (the Lieutenant) Greer and Lieutenant (also called) Stephens, who are going to Edmonton and Saskatoon (also called) Dwyer, who is ordered to Saskatoon. These officers would have left Thursday next, but owing to the coming of the Commandant, they will remain for the officers' council with him, and the various other meetings in connection therewith.